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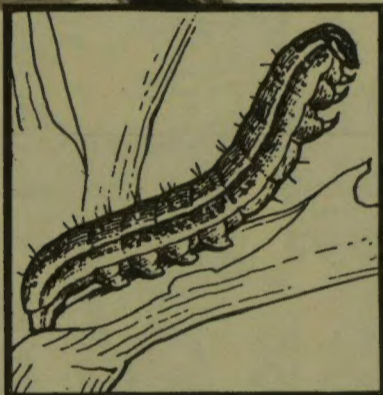
An Army routed

Kweheli is a peace loving man. His tribe no longer goes to war—in the ways his forefathers knew. Yet, throughout his life, regularly year by year (and sometimes several times a year) Kweheli has had to fight—and just as regularly lose—a battle which has threatened his very livelihood. Today, that battle has been won. For Kweheli. By Shell.

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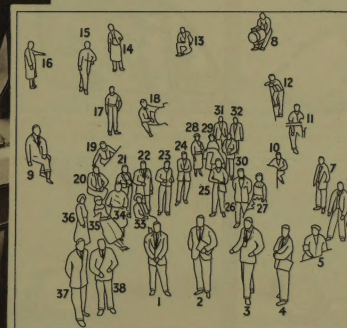
Who gets a moving picture moving?

"QUIET PLEASE! Sound? Camera? Action!" The cameras roll. The Clapper boy claps. The Artists act. And the Director stares with the unblinking eye of the visionary — judging how it will all look on film.

Our photograph shows you the men and women who actually get a moving picture moving. Before they can even begin, the producer, writers, research workers, location staff, the art director and many others work for months, sometimes a year or more, in preparation for the command, "Action!"

The services of these very skilled people over so long a time represent a heavy investment. A full, planned programme of film production for world markets multiplies that investment many times over. The Rank Organisation has such a programme. But it can only continue this if in the long run the producer can at least recover his costs.

Few British films achieve this modest goal; chief obstacle is the level of United Kingdom Entertainment Tax. This Tax is crushing both the film maker and the exhibitor. Each must be able to make a reasonable profit if the industry is to thrive. We sincerely hope the Government agree with us and, in the interests of the entire British film industry, will substantially reduce cinema Entertainment Tax in the next budget.



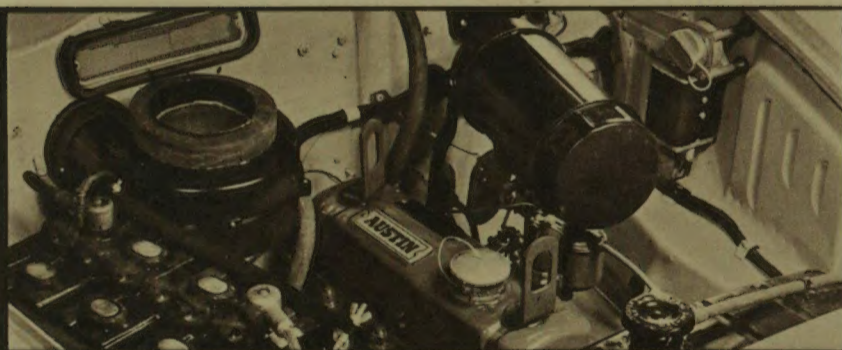
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|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 Director | 20 Camera crane operator |
| 2 Producer | 21 Chief electrician |
| 3 Still cameraman | 22 Director of photography |
| 4 Dubbing & music mixer | 23 Focus puller |
| 5 Production secretary | 24 1st Asst. Director |
| 6 Property man | 25 Clapper boy |
| 7 | 26 Tony Wright |
| 8 Electricians | 27 Jill Ireland |
| 9 | 28 Fashion designer |
| 10 Sound mixer | 29 Wardrobe assistants |
| 11 Sound boom operator | 30 Art Director |
| 12 Drapes man | 31 Construction Manager |
| 13 Scenic artist | 32 Continuity girl |
| 14 Carpenter | 33 Make-up artist |
| 15 Painter | 34 Jill Dixon |
| 16 Plasterer | 35 Hairdresser |
| 17 Rigger | 36 Film editor |
| 18 Camera operator | 37 Production Manager |
| 19 Camera grip man | |

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1957.



FANTASTIC STATUARY WHICH SIMULTANEOUSLY RECALLS STONEHENGE AND EASTER ISLAND: FILITOSA VI, ONE OF THE HUGE STATUES RECENTLY FOUND IN THE VALLEY OF THE TARAVO, CORSICA—THE THREE FRAGMENTS RE-ERECTED.

This impressive stone statue, of which the total height is rather more than 8 ft., is one of a number which have been discovered during this last year in South-West Corsica by M. Roger Grosjean, who writes more fully about them in an illustrated article on pages 269-271. Such statues are known scientifically as "statue-menhirs," and they appear to be a development of the ordinary menhir, the classic standing stone. Other examples are known from, principally, Southern France and Northern Italy, but now, as a result of M. Grosjean's discoveries, Corsica appears as by far the richest site for this culture—a relatively short-lived civilisation, it seems, which came to

an end about 1600 B.C. The first parallel which comes to mind for these megalithic sculptures is, of course, the huge heads of Easter Island; but it hardly seems that this parallel can be sustained. The second parallel—with Stonehenge—seems stronger, though less obvious, lying rather in the weapons shown on many of the Corsican statues and those which have recently been discovered on some of the Stonehenge sarsens, swords, axes and daggers of Mycenæan type. Corsica, it may well be, is an important link in the chain of cultures moving during the Bronze Age from the Eastern Mediterranean to our own islands, in the dawn of British history.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT must be forty years since I first started to drive a motor-car and well over half a century since, as a boy, my greatest treat was to be driven in one—an ecstatic experience whose bliss was in no way diminished by the almost invariable breakdown or puncture which accompanied such jaunts. In those days, I remember, automobile exercise—for such it was—was almost always performed in a special dress; even my parents, most unmechanical of beings, who did not possess one of these novel and costly machines, invariably arrayed themselves, before committing themselves to the highway, in the car of some Daimler- or Wolseley-owning friend, in a fantastic garb consisting of ulsters, goggles, caps and veils that made them look like bogies setting out to cross a polar plateau. There was some reason, I admit, for this masquerade, for the roads in those days were untarmacked, and mechanical propulsion along them, however slow and checked, was attended by dense clouds of dust. But the chief consideration of nineteenth-century man, on embarking on this twentieth-century means of propulsion, was how to overcome the effects and sensations of speed, which were felt, though delicious, to be potentially injurious to the human frame and nerves. The chauffeurs, or engineers, as they were called—amateur or professional—who tended and drove these fearsome new machines were men of iron who lived, as it were, on the frontiers of a new and terrifying world, and whose days were spent mastering, and being mastered by, a succession of mild explosions. For it was the explosive quality above everything else that struck everyone about the early motor-cars—that and their fascination for chickens which used to hurl themselves in their path with a flurry of suicidal cacklings and scattering feathers. Despite all the noise, dust and smoke that marked their approach, they destroyed, if I remember rightly, few human beings, but the holocaust of fowls was terrific. They also caused horses to shy and rear and frequently to bolt, so that, though comparatively few in numbers, they kept the highways they frequented in a state of intermittent uproar and pandemonium. For this reason, and because strict laws were passed to restrain their appalling capacity for speed—sometimes before breaking down, as a small boy deliriously watching the mounting speedometer would to his intense joy discover, they would travel for short periods over open stretches at 40 or even 45 miles an hour—the police were perpetually on the watch for them. Often when my parents returned from motoring excursions with their friends they would regale my eager ears with horrifying but thrilling stories of police traps into which they and their hosts had either fallen or from which, more often, they had miraculously escaped, for in such matters detection, as always, was the exception that proved the rule. Indeed, in this period—for their sanctions and those of their masters and abettors, the rural magistrates, took the form of swingeing fines rather than imprisonment—the police played rather the same part on the roads or turnpikes, as they were still in many places romantically called, as the highwaymen in the days of old. All this added to the pleasure of the new sport, for, because of the probability of breaking down, it could scarcely yet be described as transport. Travel by motor-car, though noisy and inelegant, was nothing if not adventurous.

From those innocent, infantile beginnings it is a far cry to the motor-packed, petrol-smelling, ill-tempered, unromantic highways of to-day. Motor-cars no longer explode, they no longer break down—or very seldom—they no longer lure chickens to their death in hundreds, but they contrive to kill a steady 6000 or 7000 men, women and children a year in this country alone and to maim scores of thousands more. Nor are they ambushed by

the police, for though they account for more violent deaths every week than all other domestic killers put together in a year, the word seems to have gone forth from the Ministry of Transport and Home Office that motorists are privileged persons whose homicidal tendencies are not to be interfered with until actual homicide has been done. No law in our history has ever been so universally disregarded by the subject and condoned by those employed to enforce it as the law against exceeding the speed limit. Indeed, except in towns and built-up areas, where it is broken flagrantly every minute of the day and night, the speed limit has now ceased to exist. An enormous vested interest—of pleasure and business alike—has grown up round fast motoring, regardless of the fact that under the law a man has a fundamental right to walk abroad without being put in danger of life and limb by his fellow-subjects. Yet every man who crosses the London streets or country high roads is to-day repeatedly put in such danger by the drivers of motor vehicles. To walk down Knightsbridge, say, from Kensington Gore to Brompton Green, on any evening after the traffic blocs have thinned

out is to realise that the Metropolitan Police and their Home Office employers have become completely indifferent to—or, at any rate, have ceased to make the faintest attempt to interfere with—driving of a kind that twenty years ago would have put any man who essayed it in a built-up area in danger, not merely of a fine, but of prison. To drive through the heart of London at fifty, sixty or even seventy miles an hour, overtaking other vehicles, has become, for a reckless minority, a common occurrence, and there never appears to be any attempt made by authority to stop it. The London police, who are said to be desperately understaffed, confine themselves, so far as a casual onlooker can see, to dealing with the traffic at congested junctions. Elsewhere the onus of escape from death or injury is entirely on the pedestrian.

However, I suppose that my minding all this is merely a sign of increasing years and of being completely out of touch with the spirit of the age. A new generation, that raises an outcry if half a dozen mountaineers, climbing at their own choice, lose their lives on British rocks, regards it as a matter of course that a whole army of involuntary pedestrians, to say

nothing of motorists themselves, should be slaughtered or wounded annually as they go about their legitimate business in this overcrowded, motor-infested island of ours. Even that great international humanitarian, Colonel Nasser, who has done so much in recent months to reduce the congestion on Britain's highways—the first person ever to succeed in doing so!—has only slightly reduced the toll of death on the road and, if he has diminished the number of cars pouring daily into London, has probably much increased their speed average. If there are fewer cars to kill and maim, the casualty rate per car on the roads has, I should have thought, distinctly increased since the blocking of the Suez Canal. For though the Ministry of Transport, bent on speeding up the pace of traffic, strenuously denies it, speed is the main cause of death or injury on the highways, since it turns motor vehicles, whether well or badly driven, from mere vehicles into lethal projectiles. There is only, therefore, one sensible alternative for an ageing subject who is unable to afford to travel invariably by car himself, and who finds himself growing shorter of wind, feebler of foot and less capable of judging the pace of oncoming vehicles; either to remain permanently in his own home or to enter into a course of vigorous training, so that he can cross the road on his deteriorating trotters at high speed. For the faster he can manage to negotiate it, the smaller his chances of being knocked down on the way!

THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN'S TROOPING HORSE WINSTON.



CHOICE OF TWO MONARCHS: THE FAMOUS POLICE HORSE WINSTON, WHICH HAD TO BE DESTROYED AFTER AN ACCIDENT ON FEBRUARY 7, SEEN IN A SKETCH BY MR. EDWARD SEAGO FOR HIS FAMOUS PICTURE OF HER MAJESTY AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

Winston, the famous police horse which was chosen as a personal mount for ceremonial occasions by King George VI and later by H.M. the Queen, died on February 7 after an accident at Thames Ditton, Surrey. Winston, who was seventeen, and half-brother to Foxhunter, the champion show-jumper, was at every Trooping the Colour ceremony from 1947, when he was ridden by King George VI, up to last year, when he was ridden by the Queen. He was chosen as the Royal mount because of his good manners and indifference to noise and traffic. On February 7 he was being ridden by an officer from the mounted police training school at Imber Court when he slipped in Thames Ditton High Street and dislocated his back. A veterinary surgeon decided he would have to be destroyed—which was done within an hour of the accident.



AFTER HIS ENTHRONEMENT AS SEVENTH ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER: DR. WILLIAM GODFREY, SEATED UPON HIS THRONE, RECEIVING HOMAGE FROM MEMBERS OF THE CLERGY AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

On Monday, February 11, Dr. William Godfrey, formerly Archbishop of Liverpool, was solemnly enthroned as seventh Archbishop of Westminster at Westminster Cathedral. The ceremony, which was televised throughout, started with a procession of priests and members of the Westminster Chapter; a procession of the Apostolic Delegate and practically all the Archbishops and Bishops of England and Wales, as well as members of the Hierarchy of Scotland and Ireland, and finally the procession of Archbishop Godfrey himself. The ancient ceremony, with all its splendour and ritual, was conducted by the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Gerald O'Hara. The

distinguished congregation, which filled the great Cathedral, included Ambassadors, peers, M.P.s, members of the Services, and many civic dignitaries. In his address from the throne Archbishop Godfrey said that he entered his See at a time when the world no longer enjoyed peace, and millions of people were governed by those who denied God. He said that it was idle to hope that our problems would be settled at the conference table unless the statesmen who confer could humbly lift their hearts and minds to the highest level of all—the very summit of love, wisdom, power and authority. The enthronement was followed by Pontifical High Mass.

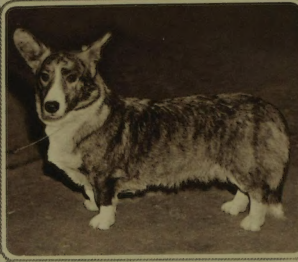
AT CRUFT'S WORLD RECORD-BREAKING DOG SHOW: THE SUPREME



THE BEST AUSTRALIAN TERRIER: MRS. W. DUNN'S DOG, DUNHALL WRUDOLPH. BORN NOVEMBER 1955. BY CH. DUNHALL WRASKEL—MULGA VIVACIOUS VITTA.



BEST BULL TERRIER: MISS JOHNSTONE'S AND MISS WILLIAMS'S BITCH, ROMANY ROCK 'N' ROLL. BY ROMANY GOLDEN BOY—CH. ROMANY RHINE MAIDEN.



THE BEST WELSH CORGI (CARDIGAN): MR. H. K. LOCKYER'S BITCH, ELKY MERYL. BORN OCTOBER 1955. BY LISAYE RAFFLES—ELKY MEGAN.



THE BEST HOUND AT CRUFT'S AND THE BEST ELKHOUND: MRS. T. THOMAS'S BITCH, CH. SIAN OF DERIEMOND. BORN AUGUST 1952. BY VESPER OF GREYDALE—GERDA OF GREYDALE.



RESERVE BEST IN SHOW, THE BEST GUNDOG AND THE BEST ENGLISH SETTER: MRS. J. ENGLISH'S DOG, CH. SHIPLAKE DEAN OF CROMBIE. BORN JANUARY 1952. BY RIPLEYGAE MALLORY—CROMBIE SALLY OF SHARVOGUE.



THE BEST SALUKI: MRS. M. BRACEY'S DOG, MAZURI TUNALNU. BY MAZURI KNIGHTELLINGTON—GEORGE MAZURI ERIZADA.



THE BEST BULLDOG: MRS. F. WHEATCROFT'S BITCH, THREETHORNE HONEYLIGHT. BY CH. PRINCE OF WOODGATE—BOWSWELL LADY.



THE BEST CLUMBER SPANIEL: MR. E. GHENT'S DOG, THORNVILLE SULTAN. BORN JUNE 1953. BY THORNVILLE CARNPORTH CLAUDIUS—DAINTY OF BREDA.

The most famous dog show in the world—Cruft's—was held at Olympia, London, on February 8 and 9. The entry of 6562 dogs of 111 breeds broke all world records. If this yearly expansion continues, the Kennel Club (the organisers of the show since 1948) may be forced to consider either a change of venue or extending the show to three days. The entry is now 50 per cent. higher than the pre-war record. British dogs are an important and valuable export and the numbers have increased from 577 dogs ten years ago to 4131 last year. More than half of these dogs were sent to the United States. The four leading breeds at this year's show were: Cocker Spaniels, 358; Miniature Poodles, 354; Alsatians,

257; and Pekingese, 248. On the first day of the show, when Alsatians, hounds, terriers and toys were judged, the hound winner was an Elkhound, Ch. Sian of Deriemond, owned and bred by Mrs. T. Thomas of Tregaron. The winner of the terrier group was Mr. J. Francis's Wire Fox Terrier dog, *Empire Sensational*, bred by Mr. J. Moss. The best toy dog was a Maltese bitch, Ch. *Snowdrop of Bestop*, owned and bred by Mrs. L. M. D'Arcy, of Woodford Bridge, Essex. At the end of the second day of the show the Supreme Championship for the best dog in the show was awarded to the winner of the non-sporting group, a three-year-old Keeshond bitch, Ch. *Volkrijf of Vorden*, owned and bred by Mrs. I. M.

CHAMPION AND SOME OTHER OUTSTANDING WINNERS AT OLYMPIA.



THE BEST TIBETAN TERRIER: MISS A. R. H. GREIG'S DOG, CH. KALA SAN OF LAMLEH. BY KALA KHRIS OF LAMLEH—LA-T-DEE OF LAMLEH.



THE BEST GREYHOUND: MR. B. JACKSON'S BITCH, CH. TRETOPS VANITY FAIR. BY CH. PARCANADY LANCER—TRETOPS FENELPE OF CANFIELD.



THE BEST CAIRN TERRIER: MR. W. N. BRADSHAW'S BITCH, REDLETTOR MONA OF CAMBWL. BY REDLETTOR MEMORY—DAFFY OF CAMBWL.



SUPREME CHAMPION AT CRUFT'S: MRS. I. M. TUCKER'S KEESHOND BITCH, CH. VOLKRIJF OF VORDEN. THIS OUTSTANDING THREE-YEAR-OLD, BRED BY THE EXHIBITOR, HAS NOW WON SEVENTEEN KENNEL CLUB CHALLENGE CERTIFICATES.



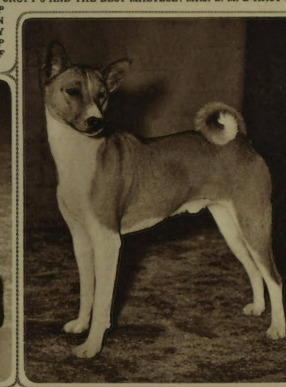
THE BEST TOY DOG AT CRUFT'S AND THE BEST MALTESE: MRS. L. M. D'ARCY'S BITCH, CH. SNOWDROP OF BEETOP. BORN NOVEMBER 1953. BY JACKIE OF BEETOP—CINDERELLA OF BEETOP.



THE BEST OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOG: MRS. W. T. RICKARD'S BITCH, CH. RECYLER SALLY ANN. BORN DECEMBER 1952. BY PASTELBLUE SIR JOHN—FRIDAY'S BEAUTIFUL DREAM.



THE BEST CURLY-COATED RETRIEVER: MISS B. STAPLEY'S BITCH, CH. HARKAWAY EDITHA. BORN JUNE 1952. BY CH. ACKROWSIR HORACE—SARONASTELLA.



THE BEST BASENJI: MRS. E. G. ANDERSON'S DOG, CH. ANDERSLEY ATLANTIC. BY AM. CH. KINGOLO—AND ERSLEY GOLDCOIN OF THE CONGO.

Tucker, of Rotherham. This outstanding bitch is by Ch. *Verschansing of Vorden*—Ch. *Vorden Meg of Moondrock*. The Keeshond, or Dutch barge dog, is a dog of the Pomeranian type but much larger, and is a member of the Spitz family. Its name was conferred upon it in Holland because the dogs were favourites of the Dutch patriot, Cornelius de Witt (Kees for short). Reserve best in show was the winner of the Gundog group, an English setter, Ch. *Shipplake Dean of Crombie*, a magnificent-looking dog, owned by Mrs. J. English, of Wargrave, Berkshire, and bred by Mr. G. Crawford. The present-day pedigree dog population of Great Britain is approximately 2,000,000 and fashions in dogs

change slowly, since dog owners do not exchange their family pets for more popular breeds each year. The fashion cycle is of ten years' duration—though interrupted by wars and unfavourable economic conditions. At the end of World War I the Pekingese was, for a short time, the most popular dog, but he was soon succeeded by the Wire-Haired Fox Terrier. By the end of the 1920's the Alsatian had moved to the top but he was replaced by the Cocker Spaniel in the 1930's, and the Cocker Spaniel held top place in the popularity poll longer than any other breed. Then in 1954, 1955 and 1956 the Miniature Poodle was at the top of the list, having risen from forty-seventh place in 1938.

A GENERAL ELECTION has been precipitated in the Irish Republic. The cause is the tabling of a vote of no confidence in the Government on the issue of partition, in other words, that of Northern Ireland remaining an integral part of the United Kingdom, which the Irish Republic is not. In a speech to the convention of his party, Fine Gael, Mr. Costello, the Prime Minister, chided those who had tabled the motion and charged them with "reckless and irresponsible disregard" of the interests of their country. He himself was responsible for the widening of the breach with the United Kingdom and the stiffening of the determination of Northern Ireland to maintain partition in face of the cutting of the last link with the Crown and the adoption of a republican status. He did what he did to anticipate and outmanoeuvre the other major political party, so that he himself might well be charged with recklessness in the past.

The political divergences between Fine Gael and Fianna Fail are slight, but their relations are extremely bitter. Their bitterness permeates matters supposed to be remote from politics, such as appointments in universities. One or other, or both together, have to tackle a problem for which no remedy or even palliative has yet been found, the economic weakness of the country and the draining away of its youth by emigration to England. On the question of partition their policies are hardly distinguishable. These policies are open to criticism, but not as being wicked or extreme.

In the speech referred to, the Irish Republican Prime Minister announced that he had a plan to end partition. He asserted that he did not have in mind the sort of united Ireland in which the people of "Belfast and the adjoining areas would fear and hate their fellow-countrymen for generations to come." The most promising form of reunion, he believed, would be one in which there would be a continuance of a separate legislature for the Six County area, or the smaller area in which those now against reunion formed a homogeneous majority. (Here I note, for the benefit of the Sassenach that "Six County area" is republican Irish for "Northern Ireland," a term which is barred, and that the words "smaller area" suggest that this would not include Fermanagh and Tyrone, where the pro-reunion vote is heaviest.)

Mr. Costello did not go into details, which he has instructed all departments of the Government to investigate. His important contribution was the proposal that the powers in Northern Ireland which the British Parliament now reserves should be transferred to a parliament of all Ireland. I have no full version of the speech, but if the speaker used the word "reserved" for these powers and that word alone, it is ambiguous. Technically, *reserved matters* include the post office, savings banks, stamp designs, land purchase, the Supreme Court, and reserved taxes. *Excepted matters* are more important: the Crown, peace and war, armed forces, treaties, titles, treason, naturalisation, domicile, foreign trade, cables and wireless, air navigation, lighthouses, coinage, weights and measures, trade-marks, copyright and patents.

A recent book, which I may call highly valuable though I am a contributor, "Ulster Under Home Rule," edited by Thomas Wilson, reveals that there was in the course of the Second World War an

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

MR. COSTELLO AND PARTITION.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

astonishing elasticity in the treatment of these reserved matters. The confidence in the Northern Ireland Government and its administration felt by the British Government led to a long series of delegations of control in matters concerned with the waging of the war. I may add that the subject which I shortened to "peace and war" has one sub-division, significant in the circumstances, the attitude of neutrality. The aid of Northern Ireland to the British cause, in defence, production, and other matters connected with them, would be impossible if reserved and excepted matters were

terrorism more forthrightly and I cannot refrain from observing that it took him a long time to screw up his conscience to the point of taking any action, however mild. Everyone knew what was going on as regards the organisation of these outrages in the territory of Eire. Yet for a considerable time Mr. Costello's Government was

deaf to all appeals, though these were merely that he should exercise such control over breaches of the law as was to be expected of a civilised Government.

However, we must be grateful that Mr. Costello's conscience has finally put up some sort of fight against political expediency because this does not always happen to the consciences of politicians. The only other criticism I have to make of his speech, taking into account the difference between his outlook and my own, are the words quoted, "smaller area." There are limits to the extent to which you can reduce the size of a community possessing its own parliament and leave it viable. That limit has been reached in Northern Ireland.

It is too much to ask that wherever there exists an area in which a majority wants reunion it should be sliced away from Northern Ireland and embodied in the Irish Republic. The Boundary Commission, it is true, advocated the splitting of Fermanagh, but it also advocated the splitting of Donegal and the inclusion in Northern Ireland of a slice predominantly in favour of union with Britain. When the report was revealed by the *Morning Post* both sides, Dublin and Belfast, agreed that this proposal was an absurdity. Both sides solemnly agreed to let things stand and the six counties of Antrim, Down, Armagh, Londonderry, Tyrone, and Fermanagh to form Northern Ireland. Northern Ireland had previously renounced her claim to the other Ulster counties of Monaghan, Cavan, and Donegal, with regret because they were part of the old province but as a contribution to peace and an agreed settlement.

I am not going to prophesy whether Mr. Costello will prove right or wrong in his belief that reunion will eventually take place. I would, however, point out that Eire could not have done more to defeat her own designs than she has. Neutrality in the war, refusal of the use of Irish bases in Britain's hour of deadliest need—even of Lough Swilly when asked for by America, not Britain—the proclamation of a republican régime, and now the terrorist raids which cause distress to all the most upright and intelligent Irish nationalists: these are not attractive incentives in the eyes of Ulster loyalists.

I know a good many Irish nationalists who desire the end of partition and hope it will come one day, but are resigned to the belief that in no case can it come quickly. They feel that its

best chance lies in dignity, forbearance, and the preservation of the best possible relations with the United Kingdom as a whole and Northern Ireland as a part of it in their own island. Once again, I do not seek to probe the future, but I think they are right in principle, though reunion would never be anything but unwelcome to those of my generation. It is future generations which must decide that issue. What I do feel assured of is that the end of partition is not on our threshold and that any hint of coercion, any kind of bullying or attempted bullying, will render it more remote than ever.



ARRIVING FOR TALKS WITH THE MINISTER OF DEFENCE: GENERAL NORSTAD, SUPREME COMMANDER OF ALLIED FORCES IN EUROPE, AT LONDON AIRPORT WITH HIS WIFE.

On February 11 General Lauris Norstad, who last November succeeded General Gruenther as Supreme Commander of Allied Forces in Europe, arrived at London Airport from Paris for a two-day visit to Britain for talks with the Minister of Defence, Mr. Duncan Sandys, and other Ministers. At London Airport, General Norstad was asked if he was happy about Britain's plan to cut down defence commitments, and he replied: "We feel there is certainly very little room for reductions."

transferred from the Westminster Parliament to one in Dublin. It might repeat the unhappy story of the handing over of the southern Irish bases, which led to the loss of so many ships, cargoes, and men.

Mr. Costello is against the use of force in the attainment of his ends. What is more important, he has always been against the use of terrorism, such as that which has been practised lately against Northern Ireland. I do not want to be ungracious and I recognise that a Prime Minister, with a majority such as his, is in some degree a prisoner of politics, but I wish he had condemned

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—I.



GAMBIA, WEST AFRICA. DURING HIS VISIT TO GAMBIA: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TALKS TO A CANOE-MAKER AT SANKWIA ON JANUARY 30, AFTER JOURNEYING UP THE GAMBIA RIVER.



GAMBIA. NEAR THE END OF HIS THREE-AND-A-HALF MONTH COMMONWEALTH TOUR: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH MEETS THE WIVES OF THE CHIEF OF SANKWIA. More than 8000 people welcomed the Duke of Edinburgh when he arrived at Sankwia, after his river journey from Bathurst, Gambia. The Duke addressed a conference of the chiefs of the area. Afterwards, during his inspection of the village, he showed keen interest in the crops and local industries.



UNITED STATES. A NEW WEAPON FOR THE UNITED STATES ARMY: A SOLDIER DEMONSTRATING THE M.60 LIGHTWEIGHT GENERAL-PURPOSE MACHINE-GUN, WHICH CAN BE FIRED FROM THE SHOULDER, HIP, BIPOD OR A NEWLY-DEVELOPED ALUMINIUM TRIPOD MOUNT. IT IS CHAMBERED FOR THE STANDARD 7.62-MM. N.A.T.O. CARTRIDGE.



AUSTRALIA. TO AID THE RESCUE OF PERSONS TRAPPED IN CRASHED AIRCRAFT: A HUGE "CAN-OPENER" TO CUT OFF THE TAIL SECTION, DEMONSTRATED AT MELBOURNE. An Australian mechanical engineer has invented this device for freeing persons trapped in crashed aircraft at airports. An 8-ft.-high razor-edged steel spearhead, mounted on an armoured car chassis, is driven into the aircraft to cut off the tail unit, which is then dragged away to enable the trapped passengers to scramble out.



CYPRUS. THE END OF THE BIGGEST EOKA ARMS CACHE YET DISCOVERED: THE REMAINS OF THE NICOSIA BUNGALOW AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION BY SECURITY FORCES WHEN MUCH HAD BEEN REMOVED.



CYPRUS. THE ENTRANCE TO EOKA'S BUNGALOW ARMS CACHE: A MEMBER OF THE SECURITY FORCES WITH ONE OF THE LOOSE SECTIONS OF TILE WHICH HID THE ENTRANCE. On February 2, acting on information given, police detectives visited a bungalow in Nicosia and, after lifting a loose section of tiled floor, found a great quantity of arms and ammunition, bombs, pistols, various forms of high explosive and time-fuses—the largest cache yet found in Cyprus. Some was removed, and, as the remainder was in a dangerous condition, the bungalow was blown up.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—II.



KENT. THE SALE OF SIR W. CHURCHILL'S KENT FARMS: A VIEW OF CHARTWELL FARM (CENTRE), WITH CHARTWELL (TOP). Sir Winston Churchill is to sell his two Kent farms, it was announced on February 4. If not sold previously they will be offered at auction in July. Sir Winston's herd of Jersey cattle and his herd of Landrace pigs are also to be sold. He remains the life tenant of Chartwell.



VENICE, ITALY. "IT CLEANS AS IT BRUSHES AS IT POLISHES"—IN THE SHADOW OF SAN MARCO: A NEW MULTIPLE-OPERATION DEVICE NOW IN USE TO KEEP THE FAMOUS PIAZZA CLEAN DESPITE TOURISTS—AND PIGEONS.



ARUNDEL, SUSSEX. TO BELONG TO THE NATION? ARUNDEL CASTLE, SUSSEX.

A private Bill, it was reported on February 9, has been lodged at the House of Lords to put Arundel Castle in trust "for the benefit of the nation and as a residence for the Earl Marshal of England." This would break the entail on the Arundel Estate, at present held in tail male by the Duke of Norfolk.



DERBY. WRECKAGE AT CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH SOUTH STATION AFTER THREE TRAINS WERE INVOLVED IN A CRASH ON FEBRUARY 9.

A goods train which ran away out of control down a steep gradient crashed into another goods train at Chapel-en-le-Frith on Feb. 9, and a nearby passenger train was also damaged. The driver of the runaway train and the guard of the other train were killed.



HOLLAND. CROSSING WHAT WAS FORMERLY THE SEA-BED OF THE ZUIDER ZEE: JEEPS AND A GROUP OF PHOTOGRAPHERS ON THE NEW EASTERN FLEVOLAND POLDER WHICH IS NOW BEING DRAINED.



SUEZ CANAL. THE FIRST COMMERCIAL VESSEL TO ENTER THE CANAL SINCE OCTOBER: THE *PIANETTA*, AN ITALIAN TANKER ON CHARTER TO EGYPT, AWAITING THE CLEARANCE OF THE SUNKEN *AKKA* BEFORE COMPLETING THE JOURNEY TO SUEZ.

On February 10 a tanker of 1900 tons, the *Pianetta*, sailed along the Suez Canal from Port Said and was expected to continue to Suez as soon as the blockship *Akka* had been removed. There is only one other serious obstacle still to be removed from the Canal before ships of up to about 10,000 tons can pass through.



JORDAN. ENDING THE ANGLO-JORDANIAN TREATY: THE FIRST MEETING OF THE BRITISH AND JORDAN DELEGATIONS ON FEBRUARY 4.

On February 4 the first meeting between the British and Jordanian delegations for talks on the termination of the Anglo-Jordanian Treaty took place in Amman. The Jordanian delegation was led by the Prime Minister, who said his Government regarded the ending of the Treaty, the evacuation of British troops and the liquidation of the British bases as the first step towards a new era of friendship between their country and Britain.

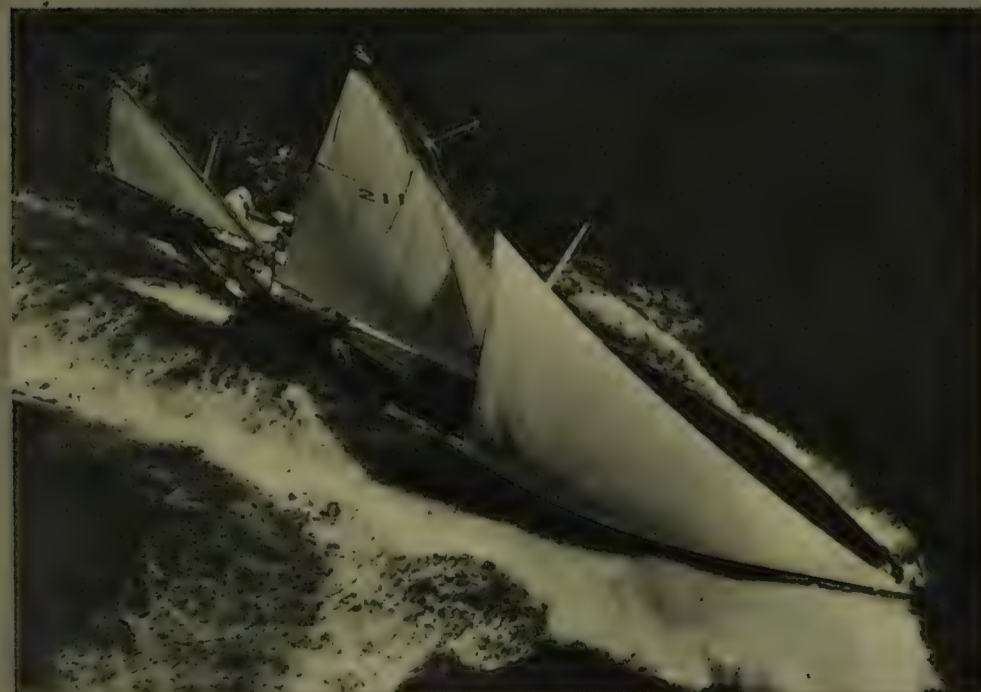
A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—III.



ARGENTINA. AN ANTI-COMMUNIST DEMONSTRATION IN BUENOS AIRES: THE MOUNTED GUARD REINING-IN THEIR HORSES AFTER A CROWD HAD THROWN EGGS AT THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR. After Mr. Kostylev, the new Soviet Ambassador to Argentina, had presented his credentials at Government House, Buenos Aires, rotten eggs and pamphlets were thrown at his car by a demonstrating crowd. During the clash with police six arrests were made.



SULMONA, CENTRAL ITALY. MECHANISED POLICE PATROLS AND TEAR-GAS IN THE SQUARE THAT COMMEMORATES OVID'S BIRTH: A SCENE IN RECENT LOCAL RIOTS. The Italian Government's decision to close down the Sulmona military district and amalgamate it with Aquila, led to violent local rioting at this small Abruzzi town, where Ovid was born. During the riots the Prefect was besieged for ten hours by angry crowds.



FLORIDA, U.S.A. THE FAVOURITE FOR THE MIAMI TO NASSAU RACE AT THE START ON FEB. 5: CRIOLLO, THE 67-FT. YAWL OWNED BY DR. VIDANA, OF CUBA, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR IN A DRAMATIC PICTURE SOON AFTER THE START.



FRANCE. FRENCH ROADS' BIGGEST LOAD: A 108-TON ATOMIC HEAT EXCHANGER, EN ROUTE TO MARCOULE, BEING "INCHED" THROUGH A SMALL TOWN.

A nice parallel to British roads' heaviest load, a 93-ton ammonia absorption tower, shown in our issue of January 26, is this heat exchanger vessel, built by Babcock and Wilcox, at their La Courneuve works outside Paris, for an atomic plant at Marcoule, which has been manoeuvred by two tractors on 800 miles of road. Three houses had to be demolished and the speed of the 170-ft.-long convoy was 1½ m.p.h.

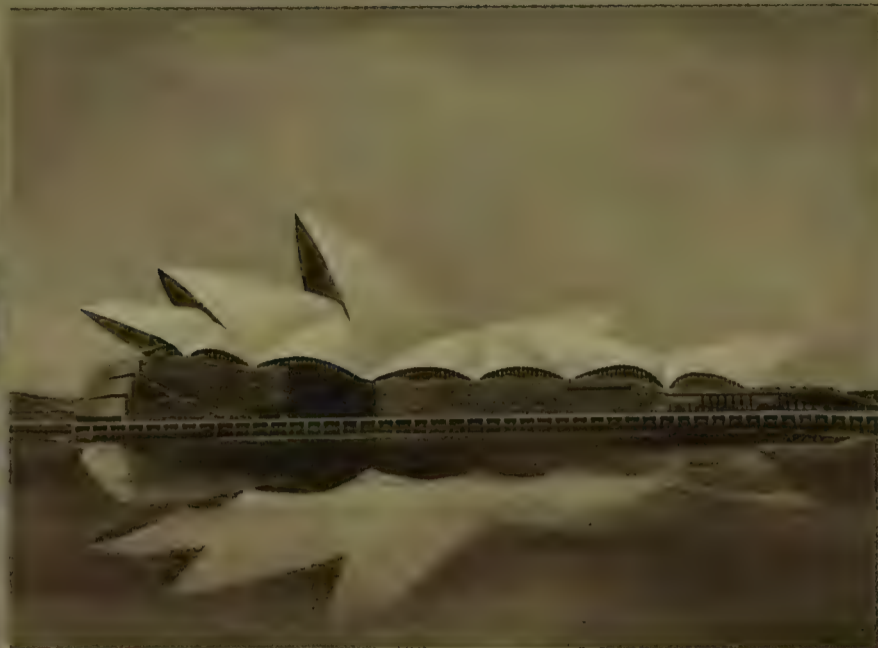


FRANCE. "GENTLY WITH THAT CHISEL, FRIEND," THE STATUE SEEMS TO SAY TO THE SCULPTOR ENGAGED ON RESTORATION WORK ON THE PARIS BRIDGES IN READINESS FOR THE QUEEN'S FORTHCOMING VISIT.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—IV.



AUSTRALIA. THE SITE (CENTRE) OF THE FUTURE SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE AT BENELONG POINT, FORT MACQUARIE, ON THE SHORES OF SYDNEY HARBOUR, SEEN FROM THE AIR.



AUSTRALIA. SYDNEY NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE: THE WINNING DESIGN FOR THE BUILDING BY THE DANISH ARCHITECT, MR. JOERN UTZON.

Mr. Joern Utzon, the Danish architect, has been awarded a £A5000 prize for his winning design for Sydney National Opera House. The opera house, which is expected to cost £A3,500,000, will be erected at Benelong Point, Fort Macquarie, on the shores of Sydney Harbour, and will contain two halls.



FRANCE. AT FECAMP: A PROCESSION, CARRYING MODEL BOATS, LEAVING THE CHURCH OF ST. ETIENNE, AFTER ATTENDING A SERVICE FOR TRAWLERSMEN. AT THE HARBOUR THE BISHOP OF ROUEN OFFICIATED AT BENEDICTION.



TURKEY. THE TURKISH PASSENGER STEAMER *IZMIR* SINKING AFTER A COLLISION WITH THE AMERICAN CARGO-SHIP *HOWELL LYKES* AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE GULF OF SMYRNA.

The Turkish passenger steamer *Izmir*, one of the newest steamers of the Turkish State Line, sank on February 3 after a collision with the American cargo ship *Howell Lykes* at the entrance to the Gulf of Smyrna. The American vessel, which had a Turkish pilot on board, is alleged to have struck the *Izmir* amidships and driven her towards the shore.



THE UNITED STATES. A SCENE IN RENO, NEVADA, AFTER THREE HEAVY EXPLOSIONS HAD SHAKEN THE CENTRE OF THE CITY AND FIRE HAD BROKEN OUT.

On February 5 three heavy explosions shattered part of the shopping centre of Reno, sending flames and debris 200 ft. into the air. The explosions were believed to have been caused by a leak in pipes carrying natural gas. Several people were reported to have been killed and more than forty injured.



THE UNITED STATES. A SCENE DURING A FIRE IN NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WHICH WRECKED THE NATIONAL GUARD ARMOURY AND THREATENED ADJOINING BUILDINGS. NASHUA IS AN IMPORTANT MANUFACTURING TOWN.

A ROAD LINK BETWEEN GOLD COAST AND TOGOLAND: THE NEW BRITISH VOLTA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.



(Left.)
AN ENGINEERING
FEAT IN WEST
AFRICA: THE
BRITISH BUILT
AND DESIGNED
STEEL SUSPEN-
SION BRIDGE
ACROSS THE RIVER
VOLTA. IT IS 1115
FEET IN LENGTH.



(Right.)
LINKING THE
GOLD COAST WITH
TOGOLAND: THE
NEW SUSPENSION
BRIDGE ACROSS
THE RIVER VOLTA
AT ADOMI, SOME
SIXTY MILES FROM
ACCRA.

ON January 25 the Gold Coast was united by road with Togoland for the first time when the British-built suspension bridge across the River Volta was officially opened. The opening was performed by Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, the Governor of the Gold Coast, and a commemorative plaque was unveiled by Dr. Nkrumah, the Prime Minister. The steel bridge is 1115 ft. long and one of the longest in Africa. It took two years to build, and, by replacing a ferry, will greatly reduce the time taken to cross the river. The bridge forms part of a new trunk road scheme. It was designed jointly by the British consulting engineers Sir William Halcrow and Partners and Freeman Fox and Partners, and was built by Dorman Long (Bridge and Engineering) Co., Ltd. The total cost was £690,000.

(Right.)
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE NEW BRIDGE. THE STEEL SECTIONS, WEIGHING A TOTAL OF 900 TONS, WERE BROUGHT FROM ENGLAND, WHERE THEY WERE PREFABRICATED. THE BRIDGE IS PART OF A NEW TRUNK ROAD SCHEME TO IMPROVE COMMUNICATIONS.



UNVEILING A PLAQUE AT THE OPENING CEREMONY: DR. NKRUH, THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE GOLD COAST.



AN OFFERING TO THE GODS TO ASSURE A GOOD FUTURE FOR THE BRIDGE: A TOGOLAND CHIEFTAIN POURING A LIBATION.

MARITIME DUELS OF A LITTLE-KNOWN WAR.

"THE NAVAL WAR OF 1812." By C. S. FORESTER.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. FORESTER is celebrated as a naval novelist, and anybody who has read any of his books must realise that he must have studied his period, and the Service in that period, thoroughly before writing his fictions. Those who have succeeded in this age, as Marryat's gay, gallant and robust novels succeeded in a former age. Marryat had the advantages of having been a good seaman who fought in the wars he described, knew, at first-hand, the types he described, and wielded a prose so muscular and so rippling that the opening of "Midshipman Easy" can vie, in point of fluency, wit, and ease, with the best pages of Voltaire's "Candide." Mr. Forester may not be so jolly as Marryat. But he is as zealous about the Navy, its record and its honour, and most resolute about accuracy. Had this book of his reached me before I had ever heard of him I should have said to myself: "Here is a history Don who is firmly resolved to present a chapter of history, without either *suppressio veri* or *suggestio falsi*." Now that I know that he isn't one of those Dons (and some of that tribe do at least attempt to maintain high standards of veracity and careful investigation), I respect him still more for making a successful switch from fiction to history.

In this book he has certainly proved himself as conscientious, laborious and precise as any history Don that ever was. But, as for his subject, I can only suppose that he has chosen it because few people, if any, at least in this country, have ever concentrated upon it, and even those who are well versed in our naval history think of it as a minor and mildly irritating and irrelevant scene in the great drama of Napoleon's day. Single episodes in the story may warm the blood of one party or the other; but the main theme cannot. The Americans had every reason to think their cause just: the British, who had plenty of ships at this stage of the greater War, were woefully short of men to man them, while the men they had were largely reluctant pressed-men or the sweepings of the gaols, and they persisted that they had a right to stop American vessels on the high seas and take deserters out of them, not much scruple being exercised about deciding that "likely men" really were deserters. Governments, in emergencies, do rash things: at one stage in the last War the Americans wanted to seize the Azores and give the Portuguese a guarantee of defence should there be a German invasion of the Peninsula!

as well as military, problems, in both hemispheres, appears here once more. At moments, as one contemplates the Americans fighting Britain, but certainly not fighting for France, one is reminded of the famous triangular duel in Marryat, each man (unless my memory deceives me) letting the man at the next angle have it in the posterior. Americans, still remembering their recent achievement of independence against King George and his redcoats, delighted in the thought that their ships had held their own against His Majesty's ships. After one of the maritime duels, between



CAPTAIN SIR PHILIP BOWES VERE BROKE OF H.M.S. SHANNON.

From an oil painting by S. Lane. Reproduced by permission of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.

frigates and such, which were the outstanding incidents of that War, the returning victorious crew of an American ship were banqueted. The last of a series of toasts, almost Kremlesque in their number, proclaimed a wish that the wings of the American Eagle should shadow all the Ocean and that its claws should pull King George's ships out of the sea. On this side we were brought up with a jerk. We had not merely thought, but known, for generations that British sailors at sea could always win against merely superior numbers, and, against overwhelmingly superior numbers, could do immense damage and end as Sir Richard Grenville ended in the *Revenge*.

The chief incidents in that War were duels between ships. The ships were manned by

our cousins: as must have been true until the extermination of the Civil War, and the colossal importation of Middle and Eastern European labourers into the factories of a frenetically industrialising Eastern and Middle-Western America. That fact, even after all this time, is saddening. Why, one asks oneself, should we people with standards, and who say to ourselves "Am I doing right?" be fighting each other when the Hosts of Midian are all around us?

The Americans, during this War about which I find it impossible to work up an enthusiasm, could have invaded Canada: their military leader

surrendered at Detroit. Wellington, from a distance, saw that the Great Lakes were vital: we lost a battle on the Great Lakes. A small British force tried to blockade the coast of the United States (we had many thousands of miles to patrol elsewhere) and occasionally landed to burn our cousins' houses. It was the silliest of all silly wars.

When I was a small boy I used to see in the windows of the little junk-shops pictures of the battle between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*—one of the few, I must add, which the British won. That duel—and the duels were fought, alas, all over the Seven Seas—was a real eighteenth-century duel.

There was an American skipper called Lawrence, of the *Chesapeake*, who had won several actions and had a grouse because juniors had been promoted over his head. There was an Englishman called Broke who had old-fashioned ideas and whose ship was called the *Shannon*. Broke sent a challenge (they were both off Boston) to Lawrence for a fight with single ships. Broke said he had a second ship in attendance, but would send it away, which he did. He wrote a letter to Lawrence, a good but disgruntled seaman, saying what he had done. Lawrence never received the letter, but, nevertheless, came out and fought his duel. He was killed, and his ship was captured. At last a duel had been won by the English, and "there was the wildest exultation in England when the news reached there from Halifax."



CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE OF THE U.S.S. CHESAPEAKE.

From an engraving, after Chappel. Reproduced by permission of the Bettmann Archive, New York.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Naval War of 1812"; by courtesy of the publisher, Michael Joseph.

It makes me rather ill to think of a book about Britain and America fighting each other. All my life I have thought that co-operation between those two, little as they may understand each other in many regards, but both of them well-meaning, is the one hope for the oppressed and ignorant millions of the world.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 278 of this issue.



H.M.S. JAVA DISMASTED AND TAKEN BY THE U.S.S. CONSTITUTION, DEC. 29, 1812. From an aquatint by R. and D. Havell, after N. Pocock, published 1814. Reproduced by permission of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.

But our Government could hardly hope to "get away with" that sort of right of search, and they didn't.

Thinking Americans, on the other hand, could hardly be happy about stabbing (with whatever provocation) Britain in the back when she was fighting for her life in Europe, and for Europe's life and liberty also. A blind eye was turned on supplies for Wellington's army in the Peninsula—Wellington's panoramic prescience about naval,

* "The Naval War of 1812." By C. S. Forester. (Michael Joseph; Illustrated. 21s.)



DURING THE "BATTLE OF WATERLOO": POLICE ENDEAVOURING TO CLEAR A PATH THROUGH THE ROCK 'N' ROLL FANS FOR BILL HALEY'S CAR.



IN ENERGETIC ACTION: BILL HALEY (CENTRE) WITH HIS COMETS ON THE STAGE OF THE DOMINION THEATRE, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.



GREETING THE "KING OF ROCK 'N' ROLL": PART OF THE CROWD OF FANS WHO BATTLED FOR A SIGHT OF BILL HALEY AT WATERLOO.



AFTER "ROCK AROUND THE DOCK": POLICE (ON TOP OF THE KIOSK) AND RAILWAYMEN STRUGGLING TO CLOSE THE PLATFORM GATES AT SOUTHAMPTON STATION.



LONDON TEENAGERS (AND OTHERS) WELCOME AN IDOL: BILL HALEY FIGHTING HIS WAY INTO HIS CAR AT WATERLOO STATION.

THE SO-CALLED KING OF ROCK 'N' ROLL COMES TO BRITAIN: MASS HYSTERIA AT DOCK AND STATION.

It was hardly surprising to learn that when Mr. Bill Haley, the "King of Rock 'n' Roll"—who arrived at Southampton with his Comets on February 5 for a tour of Britain—reached London, he described his reception in this country as "amazing." The world's leading exponent of the latest dance craze Rock 'n' Roll was greeted by a surging mass of youths and girls rendering cries familiar to followers of the cult. During the scenes of mass hysteria which developed after the arrival of Mr. Haley's train at Waterloo, policemen lost helmets and many enthusiasts lost hats

and shoes. The scene at Waterloo was described in *The Times* by a special correspondent who, apparently, survived the arrival, and wrote: "The several thousand people, mostly those teenagers whom Mr. Haley himself describes as the people who have inspired Rock 'n' Roll, had been disappointing as a waiting crowd, silent except for sporadic shouts, and as still as a cemetery. Nor were they, in the main, a picturesque lot. But, of course, all that English reticence vanished as their hero stepped from the train and Mr. Haley now knows how London teenagers can welcome an idol."



NATURE'S WONDERLAND—NO. 6. FROM THE ALBATROSS'S SAILPLANES TO SPIDERS'

Animal life abounds on the ground, in the earth and in the waters, but, as with man, the air has proved the most difficult to exploit. Only a minority of the various forms of animals have achieved true flight, although the ability to remain airborne for a limited period of time is found in a much wider range of gliding animals, as can be seen from the chart on these pages. Animals have a natural tendency to explore and to occupy an empty habitat. This is as true of species and families as it is of individuals. The individual settles itself in its new home and makes itself as comfortable as circumstances permit—i.e., it adapts itself to the new home or habitat. Species also adapt themselves, but because a species is represented by numerous generations of

individuals, the process of adaptation is carried so much further. In the course of it, bodily changes which fit the animal more comfortably to its habitat are perpetuated. The adaptations are as many and as varied as the habitats, but in both we may distinguish five main groupings: the land-living, the water-living, the burrowing, the tree-dwelling and the flying. The exploitation of the five appropriate groups of habitat is spoken of as adaptive radiation, the assumption being that, starting with life on the ground, animals have made a specialty either of continuing to live on the ground, or of going into the water, into the earth, up the trees, or into the air. The five lines of adaptive radiation are accordingly named: terrestrial, aquatic,

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, F.R.S.A.



SILKEN THREADS—SOME ANIMALS WHICH FLY, GLIDE, OR USE A FORM OF PARACHUTE.

fossorial, arboreal or volant. The lower groups of animals are essentially aquatic, and mainly marine. Of those that have emerged on to dry land, the bristle worms have gone underground, the molluscs have become terrestrial, aquatic (in freshwater), fossorial and arboreal. The crustacea—crabs, shrimps, and so on—have achieved much the same. So, as we move up the scale of animal organisation, we come to the spiders, which have exploited fairly extensively the first four lines of adaptive radiation, and have made a very slight penetration along the fifth, the flying or volant. This amounts to no more than the habit of young spiders dispersing from the nursery by a method halfway between gliding and parachuting. The young

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE HURTON

spider spins a thread of silk which becomes lifted by air currents and in the end carries the spider with it. In the lower animals, therefore, we see a strong indication that the flying or volant line of adaptive radiation is the last to be exploited. There is a parallel in human history: the air was the last to be exploited. In the higher animals the story is repeated. We should expect fishes to prove exceptions, but even there we have the minority taking exceptionally to the air. In the rest, the air has been exploited but little and mainly with adaptations for gliding. True flight, by using beats of special structures we call wings, is found in birds and bats, as well as in the extinct flying reptiles, the pterodactyls, and in the insects.



HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN SAILING-BOAT: BUILDING A CRAFT FROM A "MAKE-IT-YOURSELF" KIT, WITH THE PRIVATE GARAGE OR GARDEN AS A BOATYARD.

It is a popular and time-honoured belief that the people of Britain are by nature attracted to the sea and ships. The pleasure of yachting, however, has for a long time been confined to those who could afford an expensive pastime. But with the coming of marine plywood and the production of "make your own yacht" kits, in which are included plans and essential parts already prefabricated, it is now possible for even the poorer members of the seafaring island race to take to the water in their own sailing-craft. Anyone who is prepared to make a small capital outlay and is able to use a few carpenter's tools can confidently look forward to hours of

pleasure and adventure for both himself and his friends. This method of making your own sailing-boat has become immensely popular in Britain, and many of the firms producing the kits are inundated with orders. In our illustration we show some of the methods employed in building the handy little 12-ft. type of boat which is so popular to-day. One of the leading firms producing boat-building kits is Alan Eckford Ltd., of Broxbourne, Herts., and their "Fleetwind" model is much in demand. The hull kit for a "12-footer" of this type costs about £27; the mast kit, consisting of a spruce mast in halves and hollowed out and grooved ready to take the

sail, together with the necessary fittings and rigging, costs £8 10s. The spruce boom costs a further 30s. The sails should be obtained from a firm specialising in sail-making. A well-known firm of this kind is Jeckells, of Wroxham, Norfolk, who supply a set for a boat of the "Fleetwind" type for £13 12s. 6d. Frames used in building the boat which are not part of the finished structure can be hired from the firm supplying the kit and returned after use. These little "12-footers" are big enough to be raced by two people and can provide all the thrills of really fast sailing. If a family jaunt on the river is required, there is plenty of room for two or even three adults

and a couple of children. These craft have a hard-chine hull, which is a stable form of construction, yet have fine water lines forward and can beat to windward against choppy water with surprising ease. They are light in weight and can be carried either on top of a car or towed on a light-weight trailer. With the kit is included a set of comprehensive and easily-understandable plans and instructions. As shown in our drawing, building a boat at home does not require a great deal of space. With summer approaching, kit manufacturers can take comfort in the thought of numerous enthusiasts setting-to with screwdriver and glue-pot.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A.



A COLLECTION of English porcelain, that belonging to Dr. Severne MacKenna and long familiar to close students of the subject from the owner's books, comes up for sale at Sotheby's on March 12. A few pieces from it are illustrated here, chosen not altogether at random, but because they show uncommonly well what were the ambitions of the pioneers of porcelain in England, and what sort of a job they made of their early experiments. It seems to me—and I dare say that what follows will appear heretical and may be superficial—that so many



FIG. 1. A STRIKINGLY MODELLED CHELSEA WHITE FIGURE OF A CHINESE FISHERMAN FROM THE MACKENNA COLLECTION: AN IMPORTANT PIECE OF ABOUT 1745 WHICH FETTERED £72 WHEN SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S IN 1945.

(Height: 8½ ins.) (Messrs. Sotheby's.)

acute minds during so many years have been engaged in digging out facts about the course of events, that now, two centuries after those precarious struggles, we know an awful lot about marks and dates, and when this and that style or type of decoration was adopted, but next to nothing about the ideals and personalities of the men chiefly concerned. I'm not blaming anyone for having thus directed our attention to things rather than to thoughts. The evidence does not exist. What would we not give, for example, for a works diary kept by such a man as the gifted Nicolas Sprimont, the chief architect of the Chelsea enterprise?—or for a few letters from Dr. Wall, of Worcester, describing the progress of that embryo factory of his in the 1750's? I like to see men in the round (as one can see Wedgwood), not as ghosts or as names in a rate-book, and I want to sit beside them as they plan the future.

Can we make any deductions from the meagre information we do possess? One thing seems certain: not one of them could have dreamt of the lively interest his activities were destined to arouse so long after his death. I would even hazard a guess that he would be mildly astonished at the millions of words written about his various

productions; he might even smile wryly at the importance given by modern collectors to the meticulous analysis of minor variants of style. Indeed, the odds are that he had to devote as much attention to keeping his head above water as to delicate questions of aesthetics; what the public would pay for was his immediate concern, not what posterity would think of him. He was engaged in an exciting commercial adventure, with bankruptcy waiting for him round the corner, not in a sedate attempt to improve the taste of his generation. It is not easy to put oneself back into the mind of the past, but it seems clear enough that the difficulties must have been formidable.

The great German factory at Meissen had been an immense success for over thirty years by the time Chelsea was started some time in the 1740's, and there were, of course, considerable quantities of Japanese and Chinese porcelains already on the market. Both the Meissen and the Eastern wares were true, that is, hard-paste, porcelain; therefore all the endeavours of the pioneers in France and England and elsewhere were devoted to its imitation. In this ambition, as everyone knows, they were disappointed; they could, at this early stage, produce only soft paste. To that extent, by the standards they set themselves, they failed. Yet their very failure resulted in a singular triumph. They not only charmed their contemporaries, who were not in the least aware of the difference between soft and hard paste, but they produced wares which, just because they were made in the less efficient material, possessed a quality not to be found otherwise—vigorous modelling combined with the peculiarly creamy paste.

Most people consider that these virtues are to be seen at their best in the fascinating Chelsea

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

MOSTLY ABOUT CHELSEA.



FIG. 2. "THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN COPIED FROM SOME ORIGINAL IN SILVER": A CHELSEA WHITE "GOAT-AND-BEE" JUG, DATED 1743. THESE CHELSEA PIECES ARE DISCUSSED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS. (Height: 4½ ins.) (Messrs. Sotheby's.)

or better—with just this kind of pseudo-Chinese fantasy at Vincennes at the same moment (an idea taken straight from a print by François Boucher), but I'm trying to put myself back to the Chelsea of those days, when no one could yet be sure of the behaviour of anything in the kiln, and when to attempt so complicated a figure must surely have seemed the merest gamble. I therefore raise my hat with due respect to yet another near-unknown, Charles Gouyn, presumably, from his name, of Huguenot descent, and believed to have been the proprietor and manager of the factory until Sprimont, who hailed from Flanders and was probably also a Huguenot, took over about 1750. How thoughtless of these two, and of others like them, never, as far as we know, to have had their portraits painted! So much, with this figure, for French influence.

Here (Fig. 3) is a typical and notable imitation of Japanese ware, perhaps at second-hand via Meissen. It speaks for itself and shows clearly enough how closely the Chelsea decorators followed their models, and how well they absorbed one of the lessons from the Far East—the value of white space to set off the delicate design. So far there has been no great originality, nor—to go back to the very beginning—was there in the well-known "Goat-and-Bee" jugs, which are thought to have been copied from some original in silver (Fig. 2). There are said to be about 200 of these in existence and numerous later copies. The one illustrated bears the incised triangle mark on the base and a date which seems to be 1743. They were evidently a successful and popular commercial "line," sometimes white, sometimes coloured.

So one could go through the figures and useful wares, detecting this and that German, or French or Chinese or Japanese influence, until

one reaches such a piece as the fine saucer dish of Fig. 4, decorated in the centre with a scene from "Æsop's Fables." Such pieces, which include bowls and beakers and tea-pots, are among the most coveted of the Chelsea productions. The designs appear to have been taken from Francis Barlow's illustrations to the folio edition of "Æsop's Fables" of 1687. There is some difference of opinion as to whether they are all by the same hand, and various attempts have been made to put them down to a particular individual. Yet another pioneer of



FIG. 3. TYPICAL OF THE CHELSEA IMITATIONS OF JAPANESE WARE: A RAISED ANCHOR DISH, ENAMELLED IN THE CENTRE IN KAKIEMON COLOURS. THESE CHELSEA PIECES ARE IN THE COLLECTION OF DR. F. SEVERNE MACKENNA, WHICH IS TO BE SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S ON MARCH 12. (Diameter: 7½ ins.) (Messrs. Sotheby's.)



FIG. 4. "AMONG THE MOST COVETED OF CHELSEA PRODUCTIONS": ONE OF A PAIR OF FABLE SAUCER DISHES IN THE MACKENNA SALE, WHICH IS ENAMELLED IN THE CENTRE WITH THE FABLE OF THE FOX AND THE LION. RED ANCHOR PERIOD. (Diameter: 6½ ins.) (Messrs. Sotheby's.)

figures of the mid-1750's. No doubt that is correct; by that time the factory had achieved success and, under Sprimont, was managed with imagination, as well as with a shrewd eye for the market. All the same, pride in the achievements of those years must have been nothing compared to the excitement attending the modelling and eventual successful firing of the white figure of a Chinaman about ten years previously—that is, about 1745, when everything must have been in an experimental stage (Fig. 1). I'm not saying that the French were not doing equally well—

whom we should like to know much more was William Cookworthy, the Quaker chemist of Plymouth. After close study of the letters of Père d'Entrecolles, the Jesuit missionary who lived in China from 1712 to 1722 and sent home a vivid description of Chinese methods of porcelain manufacture, Cookworthy took out a patent for making hard-paste porcelain in 1768. He succeeded, thanks to the discovery of china-clay in Cornwall. Once again we are in the presence of a shadowy figure, a tantalising silhouette, rather than a person of flesh and blood.

HERMIONE HAMMOND: AN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS.



(Above.) "ST. PAUL'S FROM CHEAPSIDE"; IN THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY HERMIONE HAMMOND AT MESSRS. P. AND D. COLNAGHI.

(Pastel; 23 by 17 ins.)

Continued.]

Cyprus, and there are a number of drawings of flowers and plants. Miss Hammond studied at the Chelsea Polytechnic under Henry Moore and Graham Sutherland, and at the R.A. Schools under Sir Walter Russell, W. T. Monnington and Ernest Jackson. In 1938 she won a Rome Scholarship in painting. She has exhibited widely in this country, and also in Rome.

ALTHOUGH Miss Hermione Hammond has studied mural decoration—and has executed a ceiling decoration in Senate House, London University, the work in her exhibition at Messrs. Colnaghi's is predominantly on a small scale. Miss Hammond is showing a group of pastel drawings of City churches, which are of especial interest because several of them provide permanent records of views which have disappeared with the rebuilding. Her other drawings and paintings include scenes in Paris, Italy and

[Continued below, left.

(Right.) "HIGH STREET, LYMINGTON"; ONE OF MISS HAMMOND'S COLOURFUL PEN AND WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS. THIS EXHIBITION CONTINUES UNTIL FEBRUARY 23.

(11½ by 12½ ins.)



"DELACROIX'S STUDIO, PLACE FURSTENBERG, PARIS." MISS HAMMOND STUDIED ART AT THE CHELSEA POLYTECHNIC AND AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

(Water-colour; 9½ by 11 ins.)



"ST. STEPHEN WALBROOK AND THE SITE OF THE TEMPLE OF MITHRAS"; RECORDING A CITY SCENE NOW LOST. (Pastel; 25½ by 18½ ins.)



"ST. NICHOLAS COLE ABBEY." HER DRAWINGS OF CITY CHURCHES WERE SHOWN AT THE BISHOPSGATE INSTITUTE IN OCTOBER. (Pastel; 19½ by 15½ ins.)



"AU JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG"; ONE OF THE PARISIAN SCENES AMONG MISS HAMMOND'S OIL PAINTINGS. (Oil on board; 13½ by 19½ ins.)

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT: ASHANTI TO-DAY; AND 83 YEARS AGO.



A "HIDEOUS FEATURE" OF ASHANTI IN 1874: "THE KING'S SLAUGHTERING PLACE"—ONE OF THE "SKETCHES FROM COOMASSIE" PUBLISHED IN *THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS* OF APRIL 25, 1874.



IN KUMASI ON JANUARY 27, 1957: THE COLONIAL SECRETARY AND HIS WIFE, LADY PATRICIA LENNOX-BOYD, WITH THE ASANTEHENE DURING THEIR VISIT.



MR. LENNOX-BOYD (REAR CENTRE) WITH MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE IN ASHANTI OF THE CONVENTION PEOPLE'S PARTY, WHICH FAVOURS A UNITARY STATE.



WITH MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL LIBERATION MOVEMENT: MR. LENNOX-BOYD AT A MEETING OF THE PARTY LEADERS, WHO WOULD PREFER DECENTRALISATION AND FORM THE OPPOSITION IN THE GOLD COAST LEGISLATURE.



ON ARRIVAL IN ASHANTI: THE ASANTEHENE, OTUMFUO SIR OSEI AGYEMAN PREMPEH, GREETES THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES ON HIS ARRIVAL IN KUMASI.



AN ASHANTI WELCOME FOR MR. LENNOX-BOYD: THE PROCESSION OF CARS MOVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF KUMASI, WHICH WERE LINED WITH HUGE CROWDS OF ASHANTI PEOPLE.

During his recent six-day tour of the Gold Coast, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, paid a visit to Kumasi, the capital of Ashanti, where he was greeted by thousands of Ashanti people when he arrived on January 26. During this visit Mr. Lennox-Boyd heard some of the Gold Coast opposition party's objections to the forthcoming Constitution of Ghana. The opposition party, the National Liberation Movement, is in favour of decentralisation, and is thus particularly strong in Ashanti, where there is a desire for independence under the new Constitution rather than the unitary system which the Government party tends to aim at. Soon after Mr. Lennox-Boyd's

return to this country there were further talks, but these fortunately came to a satisfactory conclusion and the final form of the Constitution under which the Gold Coast is to become Ghana on March 6 was announced on February 8. The first illustration on this page gives some idea of the grim conditions found eighty-three years ago by a British military expedition against Kumasi. The description published at the time spoke of "the horrible place . . . where the dead bodies of hundreds of human victims, slaughtered by the atrocious customs of the Ashantee kingdom, are thrown to lie unburied, or to be devoured by panthers, wild dogs and carnivorous birds."

CORSICA REVEALED AS THE HOME OF THE STATUE-MENHIR: MEGALITHIC HEADS WHICH RECALL THE ENIGMA OF EASTER ISLAND.

By **ROGER CROSJEAN**, of the National Centre of Scientific Research, Paris.

IN the context of Mediterranean prehistory, Corsica has always appeared as *terra incognita*. Yet it is incredible that this island should be untouched by civilisations which have left so many traces, especially as it lay in the geographical centre of them. To be sure, the Palaeolithic Ages, when man lived by hunting, have left no mark in Corsica. But this is hardly surprising as Sardinia and the Balearic Islands have no Palaeolithic sites either. A little of the later Neolithic industry is indeed known. But of the Ages of Copper, Bronze and Iron which succeeded each other rapidly between the middle of the Third Millennium and the end of the First, there is plenty of evidence. And indeed such items as the following could hardly escape notice: menhirs, dolmens, covered ways, cromlechs and stone alignments, most of them still standing and some of them well-preserved. During



FIG. 1. THE PRINCIPAL STATUE-MENHIR OF A GROUP LYING TO THE NORTH OF AJACCIO. THIS IS A FEMALE STATUE, THE SEX BEING INDICATED BY CARVED BREAST-SYMBOLS ON THE FORE-PART.

the last few years, a census and study of these has been undertaken.

When we study a map which shows the distribution of megaliths in Europe, we can see at once the relative isolation of Corsica compared with regions of equal density—namely, Andalusia, Portugal, the eastern Pyrenees, the western Cevennes, Brittany, the Île de France, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, the Hebrides and Scandinavia.

The movements of civilisations are not yet precisely known and there are many contradictory theories. Only now is it admitted that the Mediterranean groups are earlier than the Northern. For example, if we date the former to about the beginning of the Second Millennium, the latter, in consequence, can be dated to about the middle of the Second Millennium. It is therefore probable that megalithic Corsica can be defined to-day as one more link in the long chain of influences which leads from the eastern Mediterranean to the impressive monuments of Brittany and Great Britain.

Of several works devoted to prehistoric Corsica, we may recall first those of Prosper Mérimée, who was an antiquarian as well as a celebrated author; and in 1840 he was among the first to make precise observations of the megalithic monuments of Corsica. While completing his famous work "Colomba," he noted and described the dolmens and menhirs of southern Corsica; and his attention was drawn especially to two examples of what we now call the "statue-menhir."

After him, A. de Mortillet, L. Giroux and E. Michon, among others, have made cautious reference to certain menhirs, in some publications, in phrases such as: "... which seems to have been roughly shaped to represent the human figure ..." or again "... here we see traces of rough sculpture, and hints of the human figure. ..." And these remarks refer to the first Corsican statues to catch the attention of our predecessors about the time when Hermet was specialising in that art form as recently discovered in the departments of Tarn and Aveyron.

To-day the term "statue-menhir" is clearly defined. By it we mean shafts of stone on which have been carved or engraved anthropomorphic attributes—either as originally carved with that intention or as additions transforming an ordinary menhir. And such monuments are chiefly found in southern France and northern Italy.

In 1931, Commandant Octobon, one of the specialists in Mediterranean prehistory, published an important work on the statue-menhirs of France and Europe generally. In this interesting work the five carved statue-menhirs of Corsica were relegated to a very secondary place; and indeed they were

too little known for them to be usefully integrated into so closely documented a work.

Somewhat later, some other statues were discovered in Corsica by chance, but they did not achieve scientific publication. Four years ago, that eminent savant, the Abbé Breuil, recognised the importance of these statues, on which we had begun to work. A first campaign gave us the chance to examine them carefully; and they immediately presented us with a riddle—they had only a few points in common with the foreign and Continental statue-menhirs.

A problem, therefore, existed: before solving it, we had to pose it—and to find fresh data.

We set to work to find previously unknown statues; and the total, as a result, has now reached the figure of thirty-eight. If we consider quantity alone, Corsica is now first among all the departments of France and among the principal regions of the world which have left a megalithic art.

The especial and particular characteristics of these large Corsican statues are as follows. On average they are 7 ft. 6½ ins. (2.30 m.) high; 8½ ins. (.22 m.) thick; 21½ ins. (.55 m.) wide at the shoulders; 16½ ins. (.43 m.) at the neck; 19½ ins. (.50 m.) at the head; and finally the height from the chin to the top of the head is 18½ ins. (.48 m.).

The heads of these statues, which are generally fully three-dimensional, are then quite distinct, and the neck and shoulders are clearly indicated. From the front, the eyes, nose and mouth are well portrayed and, in profile, the chin is regular. Sometimes the breasts are shown. At the back, the indication of shoulder-blades is frequent, the backbone is often shown and, in two examples, the ribs.

These facts quite clearly distinguish them from the other statue-menhirs of the countries round the west Mediterranean.

As a result of our researches, it appears that five statues have been seen, at different times, in the standing position (Fig. 5); the remainder, which had fallen in the course of the years, had all been planned as verticals. The statues have sexual characteristics. Some are male, since they bear arms like those in the south of Corsica (Fig. 8); others are female and have engraved breasts (Fig. 1); one is bisexual; and others are of indeterminate sex.

By the presence of common features or family resemblances, we have now classified the statue-menhirs in several groups, which, moreover, correspond with the regions of Corsica and also serve as a basis for further studies to take the place of an absolute chronology—which it is still difficult to be precise about through lack of context or of



FIG. 3. THE HIGH PLACE OF FILITOSA, AT THE CLOSE OF THE EXCAVATIONS, SHOWING A NUMBER OF RE-ERECTED STATUE-MENHIRS, AND PARTS OF THE MEGALITHIC WALLING. THE SITE IS NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.

excavated guides to dating, accurate excavation at any of the sites being generally lacking.

At the beginning of our researches the findings were disappointing, despite a methodical examination of the valley of the Taravo and several reconnaissances from the air. Several neolithic sites were found, but nothing which convinced us that these were part of the same civilisation. These poor results led us to restrict the field of our search and we then decided to cast an eye on a certain "old convent" which the owner of the five statues of Filitosa had indicated to us some time before. At one end of his property, he said, there were some ruins on a little rugged hill entirely covered with beech trees, wild olives and maquis. A "convent" had no interest for us in this connection and we had put off visiting it.

We succeeded in making a way through the very dense vegetation and reached the summit of

the hillock. We immediately realised that these were not the ruins of a convent, but that it was a fortified spur. A wall of rocks strengthened the narrow plateau; a tumulus, about 49 ft. (15 m.) in diameter and about 13 ft. (4 m.) high, occupied the centre; and at the end was an impressive, though partly demolished tower with a diameter of about 72 ft. (22 m.). Since the five Filitosa statues were only a few hundred yards away we felt that we had found the site we were looking for, but we could not yet know what it held in store. This took place in November 1955 and we were due to return and explore the site in 1956.

This year (1956) we needed two months of continuous work with a number of workmen to achieve the first results (Fig. 3). First we had the hard but essential task of clearing the trees and maquis from a surface of nearly 5 acres (2 hectares) in the centre of the site. This cleaning up immediately revealed the real importance of the monuments these men had erected as well as the perimeter walls of cyclopean blocks, the majority of which weigh about a ton.

In the open space cleared we had the satisfaction of uncovering the upper part of a statue-menhir, which confirmed our identification of the



FIG. 2. A GROUP OF RE-ERECTED STATUE-MENHIRS NOT FAR FROM THE FILITOSA SITE IN CORSICA. THESE ARE RELATIVELY SIMPLE ANTHROPOMORPHIC STATUES, AND BELONG TO THE MIDDLE PERIOD OF THE CULTURE.

site. The head was complete and obviously represented a higher stage of evolution than those previously known (Frontispiece and Fig. 6). It had eyebrow arches as well as a projecting nose and chin; the mouth was represented by a deep slit; the eyes by two almond-shaped carvings; and even the nostrils are indicated by two holes beneath the nose. The statue was found broken at a point between the hilt and the blade of the sword. It has been called Filitosa VI.

The excavation of the central tumulus was undertaken. From the very beginning of the work we proceeded, with satisfaction, from surprise to surprise. The list of "Filitosas" grew longer. In fact, we have dug up from different levels—as well as fragments of classic menhirs and two of the missing fragments of Filitosa VI—five new upper parts of statue-menhirs which average about 3 ft. (1 m.) high. Placed side by side and compared, they are all different, but a number of previously known features spring to the eye. One bears a sword of the same shape, supported by the same scapular baldric as a statue which had been found about five miles (8 km.) away on a plateau overlooking the sea. A second has the same round head as the statue that stands by itself on the right bank of the Taravo. The eyes of a third, curiously drawn together, give it a monkey-like look. The fourth is absolutely astonishing: it has a stylised face, but on its back are six rectangles on either side of the backbone which, no doubt, indicate ribs (Fig. 9). As for the last, which we have called Filitosa IX, this is the masterpiece of the megalithic artists of Corsica (Fig. 11): a remarkable face in low relief; the skull fully three-dimensional; an extraordinary purity of line; and regular and symmetrical features. On the back the hairline is neatly pointed and carved arcs outline the shoulder-blades.

Each working day at the tumulus gave us the chance to wonder at these statues and to know them better. The Corsican sun, alternately accenting or diminishing the shadows, seemed to give them different and almost living expressions. This gave us the firm opinion that lighting played an important part when the statues were all standing in this high place, several thousand years ago.

In the centre of the tumulus we expected to find some burial, either a dolmen or a simple

[Continued overleaf.]

A BRONZE AGE RIDDLE FROM CORSICA: NEWLY-FOUND STATUE-MENHIRS.



(Above.)
FIG. 4. DISCOVERED
ABOUT 200 YARDS FROM
THE "HIGH PLACE"
OF FILITOSA AND NOW
RE-ERECTED: FILI-
TOSA III. (7½ ft. high.)

Continued.]
inhumation. But, on the contrary, we cleared with care an area of baked clay rather more than a yard (1 m.) square, supported on dry-stone walling nearly 4 ft. (1.20 m.) high. On top of it were several deposits of black earth composed of burnt organic matter and fragments of broken pottery. We had found, in fact, a kind of altar on which burnt sacrifices were made. This discovery, by itself, must be considered unusual and important; but its interest is considerably increased by the presence of the statues associated with the sacrificial mound. It is beyond question that they were linked with mortuary ceremonies. In a later age they had been broken up and incorporated in the mound which covered the primitive altar. The practice of burning the dead at this exact spot was long-standing, as is attested by the thick black strata which lie on top in the heart of the mound. The statues being therefore associated with mortuary ceremonies, it is only a single step to see them as funerary statues. This step was taken, moreover, when digging a little mound surmounted by a statue-menhir (some kilometres away but still in the Taravo Valley), we saw that this mound was like that of Filitosa in every respect: the same vaulted tumulus, the same clay area on a support, at a depth of about 6 ft. (2 m.), the same calcined layers and the same fragments of pottery. Furthermore, these propositions enabled us to take a new step forward in our knowledge of this culture. The statue-menhir which surmounts the little tumulus is one of two statues of an archaic type found in the Taravo valley—that is to say, it is neither carved nor engraved but is clearly of human shape. The second of this type, which could be its twin brother, lies some yards from Mérimée's dolmen, about three-quarters of a mile (1.300 km.) from the little

FIG. 6. THE BACK VIEW OF FILITOSA VI (SEE FRONTIS-PIECE), SHOWING THE POINTED HAIR-LINE AND THE TWO SEMICIRCULAR SHOULDER-BLADES.

tumulus. And therefore we were able definitely to associate the ancient period of the Filitosa culture with the classic megalithic monuments of Corsica. We were now faced with the problem of discovering the date of the end of the Filitosa culture. We had seen that in the Filitosa site no statue was entire. We understood why when we noticed in one of the sides of the great tumulus a veritable megalithic wall erected from fragments which were obviously of the same length as the menhirs and the statue-menhirs. It may even be that one or two of the statues which were found near the surface at the perimeter of the

[Continued opposite.



FIG. 5. THE ONLY CORSICAN STATUE-MENHIR FOUND STILL STANDING. A MONOLITH OF SCHIST, NOT TYPICAL, AND FOUND IN THE MOUNTAINOUS CENTRE OF THE ISLAND.



FIG. 7. THE BACK OF A STATUE-MENHIR FOUND IN THE PLAIN OF THE TARAVO, IN WHICH STYLED SHOULDER-BLADES, RIBS AND BACKBONE ARE SHOWN.

ENIGMATIC MASTERWORKS OF 4000 YEARS AGO: THE BROODING MONSTERS OF FILITOSA.



FIG. 8. THE MOST IMPRESSIVE—AND THE BEST ARMED (WITH SWORD AND DAGGER)—OF THE GROUP OF STATUES NEAR THE HIGH PLACE. FILITOSA V, WHICH IS NEARLY 10 FT. HIGH.



FIG. 9. IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, THE REVERSE OF ONE OF THE STATUES FOUND IN THE FILITOSA MOUND, WITH THE BACK DIVIDED INTO TWELVE RECTANGLES ON EITHER SIDE OF A "BACKBONE."

Continued.]

mound derive from the continuation of this wall but had been displaced from it. The architecture of the wall is like that of the surviving base of the megalithic tower at the end of the spur; and this tower is dated by a specialist to 1500 to 1600 B.C. (i.e., contemporary with Late Minoan I), the age of the first *nuraghi* of Sardinia, such as those of S'Oro, Palmavera and Agnus. The only satisfactory solution of this curious enigma is to admit the proposition that the Filitosa culture came to an end before, or at the same time as, the arrival of another civilisation, that of those builders who had no interest in the statues and who used them to build circular constructions. Further, we can therefore presume that the end of these people with their mystic and artistic culture coincided with the *Nuraghe*-civilisation of Sardinia and that of the Talayots of the Balearic Islands, since it is agreed that these islands had parallel cultural histories after the age of the classic megalithic monuments of the Mediterranean world. The first results of the excavations, the presence of a stratigraphy of three levels in the site, and the study of the statues have led us to propose, quite recently, the following classification. The civilisation of menhirs and dolmens in Corsica ends with the beginning of the megalithic art which we call Old Filitosa—in which we place the statues of archaic type. Then follows Middle Filitosa, which

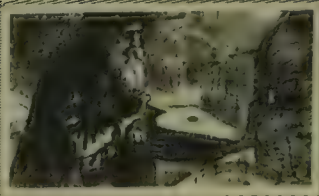
comprises the majority of the statues. Next is Late Filitosa which includes the statues with sword-hilts dating from the Later Bronze Age as well as the advanced statue Filitosa VI and the masterpiece Filitosa IX, the fruits of a genuine artistic maturity. Then with the end of the Filitosa Culture we reach the beginning of the age of big buildings. Careful study of what we have discovered, as well as other seasons of excavation, will be needed to confirm or revise the observations of the last years and to permit a more accurate dating of the civilisation of the plain of Taravo—which has no equivalent in the Mediterranean or elsewhere in Europe. Meanwhile, the site of Filitosa has been protected and opened to the public. The statues have been re-erected and once more look down upon men, undisturbed by the passage of the centuries (Figs. 2 and 3). Whence came the artists who carved these effigies? The discovery of a large block of stone carved with horns naturally encourages one to think of an Eastern Mediterranean origin where this religious symbol was widespread. Still it was in Corsica only, perhaps as the result of contact with the aboriginal inhabitants, that this unique art came into being, to last a few centuries and to end abruptly without, it would appear, any posterity.



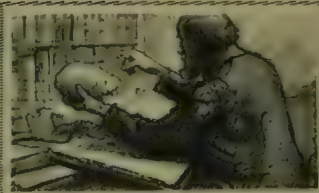
FIG. 10. THE FURTHEST STAGE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CORSICAN STATUE-MENHIR: A HEAD (2 FT. 3½ INS. HIGH) FOUND AT CAPO-CASTINCO, THE MOST NORTHERLY CORSICAN SITE.



FIG. 11. THE MASTERPIECE OF FILITOSA: THE STRANGE BROODING HEAD OF FILITOSA IX, WHICH CAN ALSO BE SEEN IN FIGS. 2 AND 9. IT WAS FOUND 3 FT. BELOW THE SURFACE.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



IT might be said that the observations made by Joseph Curtis Moore are something we have been waiting for. At least, I have been waiting for them. They represent the fruits of keeping watch on a number of manatees in the Everglades National Park, Florida, where Mr. Moore is the park biologist. His account of these is published in the *American Museum Novitates* (No. 1811: 1956).

The manatee is one of the two surviving sea-cows (Order Sirenia). The other is the dugong. There are three species of manatee, one West African, one Caribbean and one South American. The single species of dugong ranges from the Red Sea, along the coasts of the Indian Ocean to Australia, Formosa and the Solomon Islands. Both manatee and dugong are entirely aquatic, and their fish-like, almost hairless bodies, with the paddle-shaped fore-limbs and the absence of hind-limbs, together with the expanded horizontal tail, give them a resemblance to the smaller whales. They live in the warm coastal waters or large tropical rivers, never leaving the shallow waters, where they browse the sea-grass and the seaweeds.

The manatee and the dugong are at the bottom of the story of the mermaid—so we are told. Usually we are told it in terms such as these: mariners sailing along the coasts of India and Africa, or among the islands of the West Indies, must often have seen an almost human head and upper part of the body appear above the water. Perhaps they saw this creature nursing a young one at the breast. Whatever the event, they have come home with tales of mermaids, when all they have seen was a female manatee or dugong.

This, as I say, is the usual explanation for the mermaid story. I ventured to question it on this page in the issue of October 13, 1951. During the five years that have elapsed I have looked in vain in the literature available to me for a record of a female manatee or dugong having been seen holding her baby in her flippers while suckling it. Furthermore, I have taken such few opportunities as presented themselves to enquire of those who knew either manatees or dugongs in life whether they could recall such a scene. In this second line of search the result was also negative.

Joseph Curtis Moore had unusual opportunities for keeping watch on manatees, during 1949 to 1955, for on cold mornings a number of them congregated beneath Miami Avenue bridge, at the warm outflow from a near-by power station. Manatees, it should be explained, are susceptible to cold. Using these unique opportunities under the Miami Avenue bridge, Moore kept careful notes, not only of the congregations as a whole, but of individuals. He was able to identify individuals from the scars on their bodies made where propellers of passing craft had injured them slightly. From the frequency with which different individuals appeared at the warm outlet he attempted to deduce their distribution, during the rest of the day, among the remote inland bays and labyrinthine waterways of the vast mangrove area. He came to the conclusion that manatees live solitary lives, each in its own territory, but that the territories might overlap, thus giving rise to fortuitous and temporary aggregations. One factor which helped him in this was the type of incrustation the different individuals carried on the body. Some were encrusted with patches of

MANATEES, NOT MERMAIDS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

barnacles, indicating a salt-water habitat. Others bore growths of freshwater algae.

Manatees were found, by this direct observation, to be secretive in the sense that they seldom showed themselves above water. Habitually, they rose to the surface at intervals of ten minutes, to expose only the nostrils, for breathing. When two manatees happened to touch, they would nuzzle each other and then bring their muzzles together in a "kiss," usually with little more than the forward part of the muzzle above the water-line. This doubtless has a social

progression on the bottom of the river (and presumably of the sea).

Manatees appear to indulge in very little play, apart from a slow barrel-roll, which is also used in what passes among them for courtship. In the courtship, also, a male manatee would sometimes throw a flipper over the back of a female, when the appearance, to the human observer on the bridge, was of "two short fat men facing away, one with a stubby arm half way around the other's back."

Other points from these extended observations are that the manatee has no serious enemies except man, that observation of sixty-five marked individuals over a period of years suggested that the rate of multiplication was about 5 per cent., and that, contrary to the statement so often made in the literature, the bones do not rob the manatee of buoyancy, even if they are relatively heavy.

It does seem, taking everything into consideration, that the manatee never rises head and shoulders above the water-line, or that if it does, the occurrence must be rare indeed. That tends to dispose of one-half of the orthodox explanation of the mermaid story. For the other half we need to examine what is now known of the life-history, and especially of the nursing behaviour.

From another source, we know that a young manatee at birth is about 39 ins. long and weighs some 63 lb., the adult going up to 15 ft. long. The calves seen from the Miami Avenue bridge measured from slightly less than 4 ft. to 6 ft. long. They kept close to their mothers, took little notice of each other, and showed little disposition to play. Such play as there was proved to be slow and deliberate, without frisking or gambolling. Rather,

the movements were carried out as if with determination. If a calf approached the head of another adult, not its mother, that adult would turn its face to bestow a "kiss." Occasionally, a calf was then seen to throw a flipper full-length over the back of the adult.

Whereas the adults swim with the tail, the calves use the flippers and only gradually learn to use the tail for swimming. This has been confirmed by several observers. The flippers are used alternately; and whereas the adults normally use the flippers for no more than gentle sculling, one old female was seen to swim habitually with alternate strokes of the flippers. Sometimes a calf may be seen riding on the mother's back, flattened and clinging with the flippers spread to hold on. It is significant that on such occasions, if there was danger of the calf being exposed above the water-line, it would slide backwards off the mother's back.

For the purpose of breathing, a calf rises to the surface every minute. And another observation here is that one female, as soon as her calf was born, slipped a flipper under it every three to four minutes to raise it to the surface.

The maternal nipples are pectoral; or, to be more explicit, they are situated in the angle made by the flippers with the body. The mother makes no attempt to assist the calf when suckling, except to rise to the surface more often to allow for its quicker rate of breathing. She does not hold it with her flipper. It would seem, therefore, that there is little substance to the second part of the explanation of mariners seeing the mother holding her baby to her breast.

Unless the dugong behaves very differently to the manatee, we must modify our explanation as to the origin of the mermaid, or seek an explanation elsewhere.



SHOWING THE FISH-LIKE BODY, FORE-FLIPPERS AND HORIZONTAL TAIL: A MANATEE FROM BRITISH GUIANA IN THE LONDON ZOO. THE MANATEE HAS NO HIND LIMBS.



THE ANTITHESIS OF THE BEAUTIFUL MERMAID, A LEGEND TO WHICH IT IS SAID TO HAVE GIVEN RISE: A MANATEE, SHOWING ITS HEAD WITH THE SMALL EYES, SLIT-LIKE NOSTRILS AND BRISTLY UPPER LIP.

Observations recently published on the manatees of Florida show them to be of secretive habit, rarely exposing more than the nostrils above the water-line, and, so far as these observations go, never exposing head and shoulders out of water while holding their youngsters to the breast, as the alleged explanation of the mermaid story would have us believe.

Photographs reproduced by permission of the Zoological Society of London.

significance, serving to establish recognition, as well as to establish a peaceful intent.

There is nothing in Moore's observations to indicate that, apart from the breathing and the "kiss," the manatees ever exposed themselves above the water-line. They do not come ashore, except occasionally to rest the head on the bank; or if they venture further it is with difficulty. All observers agree that they are incapable of forward movement on land, although they appear to use the tips of the flippers for a limited amount of

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



PROMOTED GENERAL: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR DUDLEY WARD. Lieut.-General Sir Dudley Ward, late The King's Regiment, has been promoted General, the War Office announced on February 5. Last month Lieut.-General Sir Dudley Ward took up his appointment as Commander-in-Chief, B.A.O.R., with the N.A.T.O. appointment of Commander, Northern Army Group.



A N.A.T.O. APPOINTMENT: VICE-ADMIRAL A. R. PEDDER. Vice-Admiral A. R. Pedder is to succeed Vice-Admiral G. V. Gladstone in the N.A.T.O. appointment of Commander, Allied Naval Forces, Northern Europe, in June this year, it was announced by the Ministry of Defence on February 4. He is at present serving at the Admiralty, and was previously serving as Flag Officer, Aircraft Carriers.



A WELL-KNOWN ENTERTAINER: THE LATE MISS CONSTANDUROS. Miss Mabel Constanduros died on February 8. She first joined the B.B.C. in 1925, her "Buggins Family" sketches soon becoming a regular radio feature. She appeared on the London stage and became a most successful playwright. Later she collaborated in numerous plays with her nephew, Denis Constanduros.



NEW VICE-C.I.G.S.: LIEUT.-GENERAL W. H. STRATTON. Lieut.-General W. H. Stratton, Commander, British Forces, Hong Kong, has been appointed Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff as from September this year, it was announced on Feb. 4. He has been Chief of Staff, B.A.O.R., Commandant, Joint Services Staff College, and Military Member of the Joint Services Mission in Washington.



FOUNDER OF WEMBLEY STADIUM: THE LATE SIR A. ELVIN. Sir Arthur Elvin, the founder of Wembley Stadium, died while on a health cruise on February 4 at the age of fifty-seven. From being an assistant in a tobacco kiosk he rose to be Chairman of Wembley Stadium. It was largely due to his foresight that greyhound racing and motor-cycle racing became so popular in this country.



LEAVING MONACO CATHEDRAL AFTER A THANKSGIVING SERVICE: PRINCESS GRACE AND PRINCE RAINIER. On February 9 Prince Rainier of Monaco and Princess Grace attended a thanksgiving service for the birth of Princess Caroline. The Princess made her first outdoor appearance after the birth of her daughter some days earlier when she inspected a gift presented to her by Dutch bakers.



AT THE FIRST PRESS CONFERENCE OF HIS LIFE: IMAM AHMED, THE KING OF THE YEMEN. An unprecedented Press conference took place in the Yemen on January 30 when the despotic King, Imam Ahmed, met an international group of newspaper correspondents in a small, bare room and vigorously outlined his views on the present dispute. He denied the existence of a "border" between the Yemen and the Aden Protectorate, and virtually laid claim to the whole of the area.



WITH HIS ONE-DAY-OLD DAUGHTER AND HIS WIFE: DR. ROGER BANNISTER. Dr. Roger Bannister, the first athlete to run the mile in four minutes, became a father when a baby daughter, Carol Erin Elver, was born to his wife at University College Hospital on February 8. Dr. Bannister and Mrs. Bannister were married in Switzerland two years ago.



A RESIGNATION: LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER MICHAEL PARKER. The Duke of Edinburgh has accepted the resignation of Lieut.-Commander Michael Parker, R.N. (retd.), who has been his Private Secretary since 1952 and his Equerry since 1947. It has also been confirmed by Lieut.-Commander Parker's solicitors that he and his wife have separated. Lieut.-Commander Parker left the Royal yacht *Britannia* and flew home from Gibraltar on February 6.



U.S. EMERGENCY OIL PROGRAMME: MR. GORDON GRAY. Mr. Gordon Gray is to be Director of the Office of Defence Mobilisation, it was announced in America on Feb. 7. This Department has the ultimate responsibility for the emergency oil for Europe programme; it was thought that this appointment might lead to increased supplies of oil being made available.



A FORMER ASSISTANT P.M.G.: THE LATE SIR DAVID GAMMANS. Sir David Gammans, who had been M.P. for Hornsey since 1941 and who was Assistant Postmaster-General from 1951-55, died on February 8 at the age of sixty-one. He served in the First World War, later joining the Colonial Service. He became a Baronet when he left the Government in 1955.



THE FORMER REGENT OF HUNGARY DIES: ADMIRAL HORTHY. Admiral Horthy, who held the position of Regent of Hungary from 1920-44, although there was no Hungarian king, died at the age of eighty-eight in Spain on February 9. He was made Regent following the overthrow in 1919 of the Bolshevik régime, which had succeeded the dual monarchy. After 1932 Horthy fell under the influence of the Nazis and in 1940 Hungary joined the Axis powers.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ORCHIDS IN THE PIG TROUGH.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

A FEW years ago, in exploring a small, hardy plant nursery, I came upon half-a-dozen pot-grown specimens of that

lovely North American orchid, the Moccasin flower, *Cypripedium reginae*. They were not what could be called hearty, rampant specimens, but at any rate they were alive and healthy, with leaves, but no flowers. I bought one, and now sincerely wish that I had taken the lot, for the Moccasin flower is a rare plant in cultivation, and fortunately, as a wild plant in the U.S.A., it is protected. No more digging the plant up from the wild for export wholesale to the Old World. I can remember the time when large quantities of the Moccasin flower were imported annually from America, and could be bought here without difficulty. Fortunately for the continued existence of the species as a wild plant, that trade was cut off at source, and where such specimens of the plant as can be found in nurseries to-day come from, I can not imagine, for this orchid does not seem to increase in captivity at a rate that could make it a commercial proposition.

At about the same time that I acquired my plant of *Cypripedium reginae*, I bought a pot specimen of the European Lady's Slipper Orchid, *Cypripedium calceolus*. Having bought these two choice and relatively rare hardy orchids, the question arose where to plant them in my garden. Some nice, cool, secluded pocket in the rock garden would have been the best answer. But unfortunately my rock-garden territory amounts to very little these days: I might almost say rather less than half very little. I had no such nice, cool, secluded pocket. However, there came a slight surge of grey cells to the head. What about a garden version of pearls before swine? In other words, why not grow my orchids in a pig trough, and as it happened I had a vacant stone trough which may have been a horse-trough, though I like to think that it originally catered for swine. Its promotion into the orchid world makes such a fine success story. Pig Trough Makes Good.

Anyway, I cut a drainage hole in the bottom of my trough, put in a good foundation of crocks and broken stone for drainage, and then filled up with a pleasant soil confection—loam, peat, and silver sand to taste, and planted my two orchids. I gave the European—and British—Lady's Slipper Orchid a little broken limestone about its roots, not because I thought its second name—*calceolus*—meant lime-loving. It doesn't. It means slipper-like. And a pretty baggy sort of slipper, too! I mention this because the *calceolus*=lime-loving error seems to be one of the most frequent and popular howlers in all horticultural journalism. It is a rather natural mistake, and I admit that I once harboured it myself, many years

ago, though thank goodness I did not put it into black-and-white. But *Cypripedium calceolus* does enjoy a limy diet. In this country its few remaining strongholds as a rare British native are on limestone formations in the north of England, and the only time I have found it growing wild, in the Dolomites, there was no doubt about its limy surroundings. There was a colony of a dozen or

more flowering stems at the foot of a limestone outcrop down which cascaded a mass of the lovely *Rhododhamnus chamæcistus*, a near relation of rhododendron, with shallow, cup-shaped, rosy blossoms as big as shillings, or a trifle more.

My *Cypripedium calceolus* flowered in its first season, and has flowered regularly each summer

My Moccasin flower did not blossom at once. But it was worth waiting for. On a stem rather more than a foot high it carried a typical *Cypripedium* flower. The pouch a soft, delicate rose-pink, with white sepals. In its second season here *Cypripedium reginae* did better. It sent up two flowering stems about 18 ins. high. When the plant is really well established in conditions which please it, it is capable of forming a superb clump, and flowering with splendid freedom. But to achieve this takes time.

It seems to me that an old stone trough makes a very suitable home for these two hardy orchids, especially as, in my case, there is no appropriate place where they could be planted out. As to soil for *C. reginae* I am not quite certain, but rather think that as an American woodland species, it may be addicted to peat and leaf-mould, and intolerant of lime, in which case it would be safer in special soil in a trough than planted out in my

very limy Cotswold soil, even if a special peaty pocket were arranged for it. Apart from these two orchids, the only other plants in the trough so far are three other British natives—a minute and not too happy *Primula scotica*, a reasonably contented clump of Grass of Parnassus (*Parnassia palustris*) and a turf of the orange-flowered form of *Saxifraga aizoides*. The Grass of Parnassus flowers regularly each summer—to my mind one of the most beautiful of all British wild flowers. But it never fails to scare me into fearing that it has died. When it dies down in autumn it goes to ground completely, and then makes a curiously late start into fresh growth next summer.

It would be a good plan and an interesting experiment to set out to collect a few

other species of hardy *Cypripediums* to grow in the pig trough. There are quite a number of them to be found in specialists' catalogues. I have never yet seen one of them which did not combine a fair quota of beauty with its grotesque brand of sophistication. Yes, I feel that a whole pig trough full of orchids would be a good thing to have. The usual plan with gardening in old stone kitchen sinks and pig troughs is to make a miniature rock garden, planted with a wide variety of Alpine plants. But I have experimented with several all-one-family-of-plant sink gardens and found them very attractive. For instance, a sedum sink garden planted thickly with every sort of dwarf stone-crop, or a houseleek collection, with the rock crevices packed with as many *sempervivums* as can be collected. Silver saxifrages are delightful massed in great variety in this way. But to return to our main theme—how much more decorative a trough of orchids than of pig swill.



"WHAT A DRAMATIC FLOWER IT IS, WITH ITS GREAT INFLATED, AMBER-COLOURED POUCH, AND ITS WIDE-SPREADING, TWISTED, CHOCOLATE-COLOURED SEPALS." A CLUMP OF THE EUROPEAN LADY'S SLIPPER ORCHID, *CYPRIPEDIUM CALCEOLUS*.

since then. And what a dramatic flower it is, with its great, inflated, amber-coloured pouch, and its wide-spreading, twisted, chocolate-coloured sepals. And they are fragrant. So exotic do they look that it is hard to believe that not only is the plant perfectly hardy in the open, but is a true British wild flower, though now extremely rare.



THE NORTH AMERICAN MOCCASIN FLOWER: *CYPRIPEDIUM REGINÆ*. "THE POUCH A SOFT, DELICATE ROSE-PINK, WITH WHITE SEPALS."

Photographs by D. F. Merrett.

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ANCIENT COINS FOUND IN JERSEY; TWO TRAGEDIES; AND NEW ROAD SIGNS.

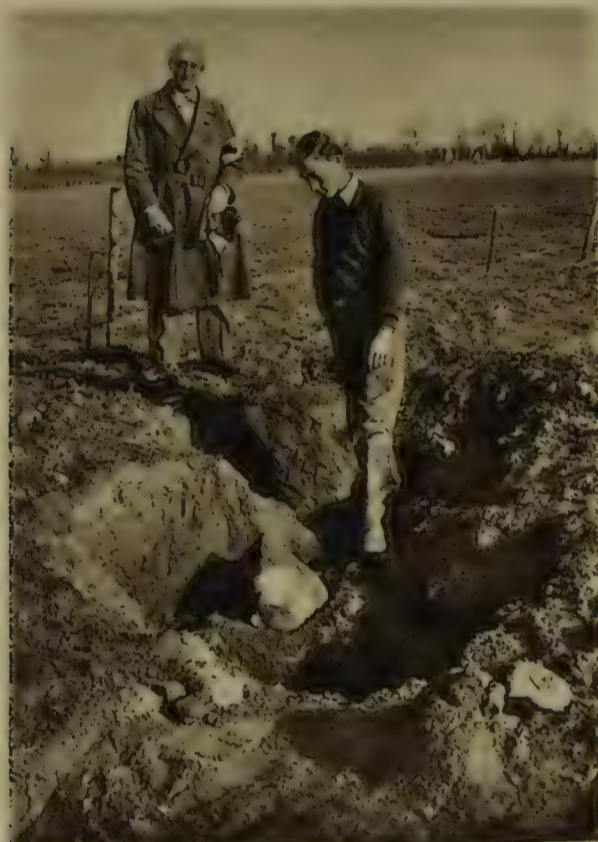


AN OXFORD ROWING DISASTER: THE WRECKAGE OF WORCESTER COLLEGE SECOND BOAT, LYING AGAINST IFFLEY LOCK. ONE UNDERGRADUATE WAS DROWNED.

On February 8, at Oxford, the Worcester College second boat, during practice for the Torpids, was swept by the flooded Thames against the weir posts at Iffley Lock. The boat was broken in two and the crew were thrown into the river. One swam ashore; others clung to the posts till rescued; and two were swept through the sluice. Of these last, one was rescued, but the other, A. S. Witham, an undergraduate, was swept away and drowned.



WHERE TWO BOYS FELL TO THEIR DEATH IN AN UNDERGROUND RESERVOIR: A POLICE FROGMAN ENTERING THE MANHOLE OF THE LANCASTER RESERVOIR. On February 9 a Lancaster mother and her fourteen-year-old son, Gerald Harris, were searching for a lost cousin, nine-year-old John Shepherd, when, before his mother's eyes, Gerald Harris disappeared from sight through the manhole of an underground service reservoir of Lancaster Corporation. After an all-night search by police and firemen, the bodies of both boys were recovered.



THE DISCOVERER OF THE COINS (RIGHT) WITH MR. GUITON, CURATOR OF THE JERSEY MUSEUM.



FIVE OF THE OVER 500 COINS DISCOVERED, WITH A HALFPENNY TO GIVE THE SCALE. THIS IS THE SECOND LARGEST HOARD DISCOVERED IN JERSEY.

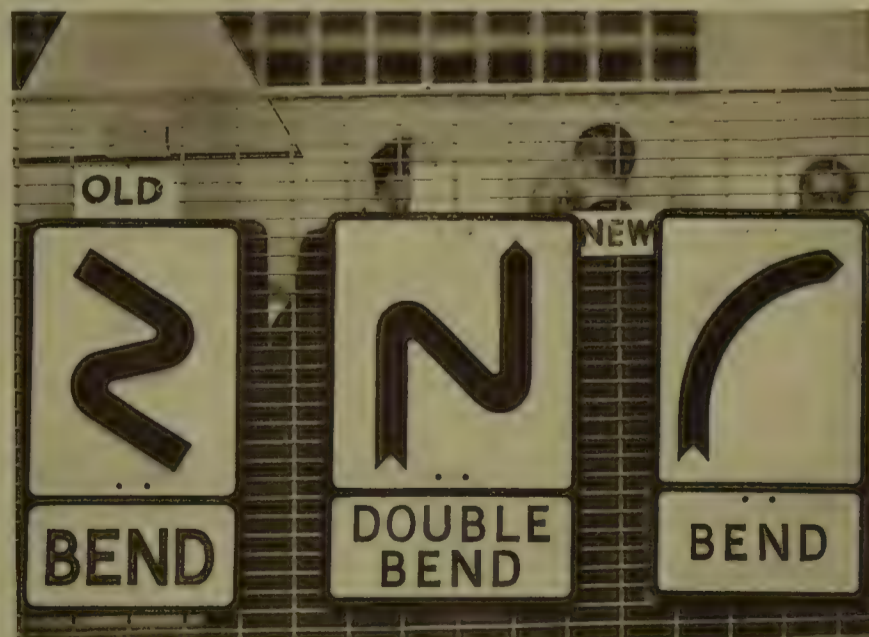
Recently in the island of Jersey Mr. Peter Langlois, a young farmer of Le Câtillon, in the parish of Grouville, hit a large stone while ploughing. When he removed the stone he found underneath it a large quantity of small coins. Local archaeologists of the Société Jersiaise have examined them and identified them as Armorican—that is to say, from ancient Brittany. The designs, like much Celtic coinage, show a classical origin, at once debased and developed. The hoard, which numbers over 500, is the second largest to be found in the island and has been examined by Dr. Colbert de Beaulieu, of Paris; and the cleaning and study of the coins continues.



MR. PETER LANGLOIS, WHO DISCOVERED THE HOARD WHILE PLOUGHING, WITH PART OF THE FIND, WHICH INCLUDED SEVERAL BROOCHES OF BRONZE.



CHANGES IN ROAD SIGNS: THE OLD AND THE NEW "SCHOOL" SIGNS; AND TWO NEW SIGNS INDICATING PLACES WHERE CHILDREN ARE LIKELY TO BE CROSSING. New regulations for road traffic signs, which were laid before Parliament on February 8, and which come into operation on March 1, are fully described in a booklet published by the Stationery Office, price 5s. We show some of the most notable new signs above. Many



THE OLD (LEFT) AND THE NEW "BEND IN THE ROAD" SIGNS. THE NEW "BEND" SIGN INDICATES ALSO THE DIRECTION OF THE BEND. THE NEW SIGNS COME INTO OPERATION ON MARCH 1.

signs can now be larger and larger lettering may be used; all "Halt" signs are to be illuminated either by lighting or reflection; the cross-roads sign is to be an upright cross; and there are various other amendments and changes.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

ONE OF THE PARTY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

CARSON McCULLERS'S short novel, "The Member of the Wedding" (her own dramatic version is now at the Royal Court), begins with a few sentences that have clung to the mind ever since I read them: "This was the summer when for a long time she had not been a member. She belonged to no club and was a member of nothing in the world. Frankie had become an unjoined person who hung about in doorways, and she was afraid."

Later, there is the passage:

Yesterday, and all the twelve years of her life, she had only been Frankie. She was an I person who had to walk around and do things by herself. All other people had a *we* to claim, all others except her.

Frankie's is that painful loneliness of adolescence when you are twelve years of age and want desperately to "belong," to be recognised as a person, to be one of a party, one of the gang. She is very tall for twelve, and sensitive about it. She is not a beauty. Motherless, she lives with her father and the black cook, Berenice, in a little town of the Deep South, in Georgia. Her only persistent playmate, the child from next door, her cousin John Henry, is six: he cannot share her thoughts and hopes, those of a despairing adolescent on the edge of life.

The book is a study of loneliness expressed in two portraits: first, that of a girl whose world is at once real and unreal, a world in which she is awakening, a world of her fantasies and half-formed wishes, her aching desire to be wanted, to be a "member." The second portrait is of another form of loneliness, racial loneliness, the Negress Berenice's sad knowledge that she, too, does not "belong," that she cannot move off one day, lightly, almost casually, as Frankie does, into a fantasy of adolescent romance.

Book and play fix upon Frankie's ingenuous resolve to go off with her soldier-brother and his wife upon their honeymoon. "There were her brother and the bride. . . . They are the *we* of me." And again: "'You are the *we* of me' her heart was saying, but she could only say aloud, 'Take me.'" Alas, this is *naïveté* that cannot be prolonged. The bubble must burst; in an agony of disappointment Frankie runs away, for the wedding has not "included" her. But it is a short escapade; autumn comes, they are to move to a new house, and she has found a friend at last. Berenice is to leave them; little John Henry (one of the most genuine children in the modern novel) is dead. For Frankie, now Frances, all is well; she has Mary with the braids and the yellow-lashed brown eyes. "I consider it the greatest honour of my existence that Mary has picked me out to be her one most intimate friend."

The book, tragi-comedy, sharp and touching, moves on like a dream. At the end I think of Tennyson's

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
O Death in life, the days that are no more.

There is a queer thorn-guarded beauty here. It hurts. It can hurt deeply.

I do not think that the play comes through to us in the same way, though it has been translated carefully to the stage in Alan Tagg's all-purposes set.

Geraldine McEwan, though not the Frankie of one's own dream, has turned herself with loyalty into the cropped, gawky child (who might be more compelling in the theatre than she is), and tuned her familiar chirrup to that "half-awaken'd pipe." Bertice Reading is, comfortably (and, at the end, sadly), the warm-hearted Negress, and a youth called John Hall is so perfectly the little boy of six with the "screwed white

odd poignancy; the second lags, and it is not perhaps the fault of the actress that we tire a little of the story of Berenice's husbands which, in the book, she speaks "like a coloured queen unwinding a bolt of cloth of gold." Though the last scene, that strangely cruel little epilogue, cannot fail to pierce, its textual management is clumsy.

Still, do not mistake me. The night (for all my personal reservations) is an unusual summoning of mood. It is worth experiencing, even if the play can be only an impression of the book. I go on remembering phrases that the stage, inevitably, must lack. Thus: "Things she had never noticed much before began to hurt her: home lights watched from the evening side-walks, an unknown voice from an alley." Or: "The lavender sky had at last grown dark, and there was slanted starlight and twisted shade. Her heart had divided between two wings, and she had never seen a night so beautiful." Or (when John Henry dies): "It was the time of golden weather and Shasta daisies and the butterflies. The air was chilled, and day after day the sky was a clear green-blue, but filled with light, the colour of a shallow wave."

Tony Richardson has directed now with imagination. This must stand by "The Crucible" as the most considerable work the English Stage Company has done during its up-and-down progress at the Royal Court.

At the Adelphi, whither, surprisingly, it has been transferred from Sloane Square to make room for ("The Member of the Wedding"), "The Country Wife" seems to be bolder than it was. I wish that its décor had been varied since I wrote of the

"studied and economical elegance" at the Royal Court. It is elegance that does not fit the Adelphi, and on this big stage that Court Theatre "surround" has become a tatty disgrace. But it is the acting that counts. Laurence Harvey and Joan Plowright, as rake and hoyden, are as fluent as before; Diana Churchill has filled out her Lady Fidget; and John Moffatt's Sparkish shows again an ingratiating eagerness to "belong": "With your fooling we shall lose the new play; and I would no more miss seeing a new play the first day than I would miss sitting in the wits' row." The most engaging moment in a far from engaging comedy is when Sparkish hears himself saying: "You shall stay . . . till he has made an *éclaircissement* of his love to you," and suddenly looks self-consciously

bashful at his linguistic achievement.

With the production of Puccini's operatic triptych ("Trittico") at Sadler's Wells, we have the party complete at last, the rarely-heard "Suor Angelica" and its conventual anecdote (graced by Peter Rice's set), added to "Il Tabarro" on the Seine barge, and the Florentine commotion of "Gianni Schicchi." "Il Tabarro" has its acrid power, and "Suor Angelica"—uneasy though the tale is—a certain tenderness (Elizabeth Fretwell sings finely.) If I remember "Schicchi" first, that is because Denis Dowling has both the voice ("Addio, Firenze!") and the nose for the scamp of whom Dante thought with a sternness Puccini and his librettist do not share. Gianni Schicchi would be a member of everything.



"THE NIGHT (FOR ALL MY PERSONAL RESERVATIONS) IS AN UNUSUAL SUMMONING OF MOOD": "THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING" (ROYAL COURT THEATRE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) BERENICE (BERTICE READING); HONEY (ERROL JOHN); FRANKIE ADDAMS (GERALDINE McEWAN) AND JOHN HENRY (JOHN HALL).



NEW TO THE SADLER'S WELLS OPERA COMPANY: "SUOR ANGELICA," WHICH COMPLETES PUCCINI'S TRIPTYCH OF ONE-ACT OPERAS "TRITTICO," SHOWING A SCENE (GRACED BY PETER RICE'S SET) WITH SISTER ANGELICA (ELIZABETH FRETWELL—CENTRE).

face," that to hear, in the last scene, of his death—when Frankie has the casual callousness of her age—is to be, for a moment, stricken. It is a moment even more saddening to those who have not read the book.

Why was I vaguely unsatisfied? I feel because this is, essentially, a work for the printed page, or for sound-radio where that useful functionary, Narrator, can be enlisted. The first act has its

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"A FOR ANGEL, B FOR BED" (New Lindsey).—A farce by that prolific dramatist, Charles Fenn. (February 6.)

"KING HENRY THE FIFTH" (Birmingham Repertory).—Albert Finney, a young actor of whom much may be heard, is King Henry in Douglas Seale's production. (February 12.)

IN A BEAUTIFUL AND ISOLATED COUNTRY: TWO ANCIENT YEMENI CITIES.

IN the last two months, since the critical developments on the border with the Aden Protectorate, the Yemen has emerged from the veil of obscurity and mystery which has long enveloped it, despite its proximity to the vital shipping routes of the Red Sea. A number of foreign correspondents have now entered the Yemen, and their presence resulted in a unique Press Conference with the powerful King of the Yemen, Imam Ahmed, on Jan. 30. The Imam's control appears to be absolute, and at his Press Conference he virtually laid claim to the Aden Protectorate as part of his own kingdom. Thus the clashes on the frontier continue. On February 5 two men of the Cameron Highlanders were killed and several, including the company commander, were wounded in an ambush on a mountain pass just south of Dhala, in the Protectorate. Since then there have been further reports of fighting. The R.A.F. was expected to destroy the Aden village of Danaba, a centre of dissident tribesmen, on February 10, because the leaders of the ambush had not surrendered. The village had been given warning of this punitive action.



A MEDIAEVAL CITY IN THE YEMEN RARELY VISITED BY FOREIGNERS: A VIEW OF IBB, THE CAPITAL OF THE PROVINCE OF IBB.



ONE OF THE TWO CAPITAL CITIES OF THE YEMEN: TA'IZZ, WHERE THE IMAM HAS HIS RESIDENCE, AND WHICH IS SOME FORTY MILES FROM THE ADEN BORDER.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is getting hard nowadays to produce a love story with much grip. Still less would one expect density; yet for the impact of "The Red Room," by Françoise Mallet-Joris (W. H. Allen; 13s. 6d.), density is the first word that offers. This writer is Flemish; her scene is the little town of Gers, and her narrative—100 per cent. love-affair—combines scalpel-subtlety with an air of extreme solidity. This last is partly due to the background: what has been called the Breughel-background of Flemish life, with its traditional jollifications, Fair, Carnival, and so on. But the foreground is equally rich in detail, not simply thrown in, but seeming curiously one with events. The fusion takes place where it ought, in the heroine's sensibility; and the story derives its grip from the lack of sweetness, indeed the ruthlessness of that sensibility. Hélène's adventure is not a plunge into feeling, but a tug-of-war with it.

She is only eighteen: precocious, very intelligent, anything but the nice smooth young girl one might think to look at her. Already she has been disgusted with passion and human nature. For she once adored the then scandalous and triumphant beauty who has become her stepmother—the mawkish, pseudo-devoted wife of a naïve elderly industrialist running for mayor. After that, Hélène will have no more self-surrender. She exults in contempt for everyone, and in her spectator's view of the greed, cabals, and half-hearted routine debauchery of small towns. Yet she is also bent on taking a lover, as the supreme test of indifference. But there is no very appealing choice. And then he turns up: a young stage-designer from Paris, rich, celebrated, obviously a Don Juan in spite of his crippled arm. Jean Delfau has been brought on the scene by Hélène's father in the interest of an election stunt; and to begin with she looks on him as Tamara's fancy. At last her stepmother is going to be unfaithful and show herself up. Hélène is all for it, and only chance prompts her to cut in. But then Tamara is soon forgotten. For in picking Jean, she has thrown down the glove to her other self. He too, for different reasons and much longer ago, has declared war on "sentiment and romance"; they defy each other explicitly, and their meetings turn the perverse, gilded squalor of the "Red Room" into a cockpit. And meanwhile both are falling in love. Both long to give in, and even try to. Then they reverse the attempt in panic—and finally all is lost.

The whole beauty and force of this drama lies in the heroine's endowment for love; she has intense vision, intense feeling, purified by intransigence. And it is at the end a drama, not a mere "study."

OTHER FICTION.

In "The Sacrifice," by Adele Wiseman (Gollancz; 16s.), we have a young writer aiming at something large. Abraham is fleeing the Ukraine, where two older sons were hanged in a pogrom, and has chosen Canada as his refuge. Abraham has always felt himself singled out,—there will be "something more" for him, perhaps not directly, but through his sons. He was so sure of it, while Moses and Jacob were alive. But Isaac will grow. . . . And Isaac does grow: to work in a tailor's shop, marry a nice girl and die an ironic and futile hero. He, too, has a little son; but now Abraham is beyond renewing his dreams, and goes sleep-walking into pseudo-Dostoevskian tragedy.

This is a very warm, sympathetic novel, and its Canadian-Jewish scenes have a most hopeful vein of realism and humour. But it is terribly lacking in density. It wanders on, never really becoming active except in spurts of melodrama, which to my mind were a failure.

"A Dread of Burning," by Rosemary Timperley (Barrie; 12s. 6d.), is a little book, with a neat and effective little story—almost a crime story. It is told by a schoolmistress, about her new "problem girl," Heather Grey. Heather used to be a bright, talkative little thing; then she broke her leg and was in hospital for a year, and she has lost grip. That is the report. But Miss Cranmer sees at a glance that there must be worse behind; and very shortly, that it has something to do with fire. Then she has to discover: Was there a fire? And then: What *did* happen in the fire? The writer knows her small world; but she is apparently not even trying not to be sentimental.

"The Taste of Blood," by Denzil Batchelor (Heinemann; 15s.), may be described as a fearful warning against mercy-killing for profit. Edward has a rich, adored father dying in agony and longing for euthanasia. He has also a neat, cool wife to provide with the best of everything, three children ditto, an expensive mistress, a business suddenly on the rocks . . . and so on. Till at last, under a fiendish complication of pressures, all soluble by money, he does the deed. And then the furies set in, pursuing him with equal virulence to the ironical happy ending. This is stylish work; and Part One—Edward's predicament as the galley-slave of the *status quo*—really makes one squirm. After the deed, though there is no falling-off in style or drama, I became sceptical.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

EAGERLY awaited for some months, Leonard Barden's new book is now out. Its title "A Guide to Chess Openings" and its neat but unpretentious format would offer the uninitiated no inkling of the thrill its appearance will give the enthusiast. Chess players of all grades will hasten to dip into its pages. It is quite the outstanding chess event since Hastings.

Barden, though well on the way to being accepted as one of the world's leading opening theorists, is still a young man, and youthfulness permeates the book. Its defects are youthful. Of a few openings which do not particularly interest him, his treatment is almost comically perfunctory. Bird's Opening, for instance, as distinct from From's Gambit: his entire coverage is confined to the remark "Here is a game illustrating the positional treatment, based primarily on the fianchettoing of Black's KB," followed by a game won by O'Kelly de Galway as Black against Oette (who is a class below him anyway) through an egregious blunder on the latter's sixteenth move.

The only move (forgive the italics but I really can't help them), he considers against the Dutch Defence 1. P-Q4, P-KB4—predilection of Alekhine, Botvinnik and other world champions—is 2. B-Kt5. The Dutch is given barely a page altogether and his lack of interest is revealed, to a psychological eye, by his giving the unplayable continuation 2. . . . Kt-KB3; 3. B x Kt, KtP x B; 4. Q-R5 mate (!).

He disclaims all intention of producing an opening encyclopædia. You may find all your favourite openings neglected, but you would have to be fantastically unlucky to suffer this. More likely by far, you would, in examining the book, suddenly go mouse-quiet, almost breathlessly deep in some chapter which, in almost magical style, is dissipating the false illusions of twenty years' play.

On the Vienna Opening Barden is good. On the Sicilian Defence, the Ruy Lopez, the Indian Defence, the Exchange Variation of the Queen's Gambit and especially the Yugoslav system, he is inspired. He states emphatically the play he considers best and, if his views are ever to be confounded, it will only be through direct assault, for he always gives precise reasons for his decisions.

Hardly a player—herein lie the thrill and the magic I've mentioned—will fail to find, on a brief perusal of this book, better ways of playing his pet openings and consequently improving his prospects of a win next time he plays. I myself picked up, in twenty minutes' reading, exciting new ideas about openings I have practised throughout my career.

A few Opening Dicta for your benefit. . . . (After 1. P-K4, P-K4; 2. Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3. Kt-B3, Kt-B3; 4. P-Q4, P x P): To the Belgrade Gambit 5. Kt-Q5! ? which can easily give White a dangerous attack, the best reply is 5. . . . B-K2, which takes away all White's attacking possibilities (explains why).

2. Kt-QB3 against the Sicilian: This slow line does not attempt to create more than a solid position from the opening and Black has time to choose a number of piece formations to counter it. One of the best is to delay the development of the king side and launch a queen side pawn advance as soon as possible (gives example).

4. Q-B2 against the Nimtso-Indian Defence: Less formidable than 4. P-K3 or 4. P-QR3 because it does not constantly threaten to obtain a tremendous pawn centre.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM MASTODONS TO MODERN AIRCRAFT.

MR. RICHARD CARRINGTON in "Mermaids and Mastodons" (Chatto and Windus; 25s.) must be on a winner. Whatever the scientists may say, most of us have a sneaking hope that the Loch Ness monster does indeed exist, and that the sea serpent and the mermaid may be more than an old salt's tale. Mr. Carrington calls his book "A Book of Natural and Unnatural History." He devotes the first part of it to examining the natural history of such fabulous creatures as the kraken and the phoenix, and to explaining how the legends of mermaids and sea serpents came to originate. He then introduces us to the dinosaurs and tells us how the elephant got its trunk—a less romantic version, alas! than Kipling's explanation of its origin. Finally,

he deals with what he calls the fossils of to-morrow, those species which, for one reason or another, are in danger of extinction. But for the sceptics, Mr. Carrington points to the coelacanth. Perhaps that sea serpent is not so impossible after all.

The Victorian age and its denizens seem now as remote as the dinosaur. It is curious to think that in the eighty years of the history of photography, the world has changed so completely. "Grandfather's London," by O. J. Morris, with a foreword by John Pudney (Putnam; 21s.), is a collection of photographs taken in the '70's and '80's of the last century. Mr. Morris is to be congratulated on the skill with which he has made his collection. Here we have the Seller of Ginger Cakes. We have the Champion Pieman of Greenwich, with his charcoal-heated hotpot which he carried on his rounds. There is the Crossing Sweeper, bemoaning the fine weather which was bad for his trade; the Sellers of Fresh Herbs, the Third- and Second-Class Milkmen, together with their superior, the Master Milkman, and for transport, the Hansom Cab, the "Threepenny Bumper" and the "Penny Bumper" or sixteen-seater one-man tram. The London of our grandfather's time was much livelier and more diverse than the London of to-day, and Mr. Morris has splendidly recaptured it in this amusing and cleverly contrived book.

Grandfather almost certainly went to hear the most famous singer of his time, Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," who captured the affections of, among others, the austere Mr. Gladstone. Miss Joan Bulman has written her biography under the title of "Jenny Lind" (Barrie; 25s.). From the moment of her first success at the age of seventeen in Stockholm's Opera House, when she went to her dressing-room and knelt in prayer to offer thanks for the gift which had been given her, to the day she died near Malvern, she enjoyed a unique popularity, her admirers, ranging from Queen Victoria to the liveliest *roué* of London or Paris, who detected "maidenhood in her voice." Her dramatic powers were as remarkable as her wonderful voice, and brought her material success on a then-unheard-of scale. Yet she remained the simple pietistic creature, whose real desire was for a quiet family life and a simple God-fearing existence in the country. Miss Bulman has happily portrayed the attractions and contradictions of the remarkable nineteenth-century singer.

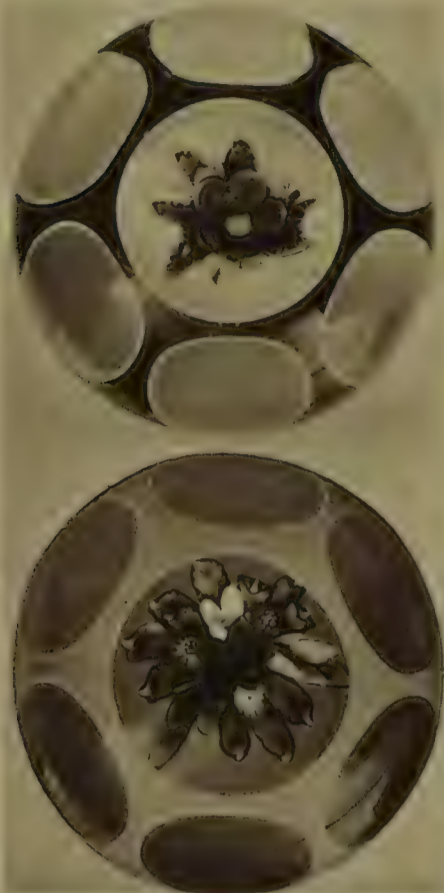
A young man who indulged in the simple life with a vengeance is the hero of "Beyond the High Savannas," by James Wickenden (Longmans; 18s.). This is the story of a friend of the author (who wishes to remain anonymous), a young South American who turned his back on urban civilisation and set out to look for diamonds in the mountains which border Brazil, Venezuela, and British Guiana. To succeed in his quest, he had to get on good terms with the primitive Indians of this region. He succeeded, and indeed lived five years with the Patamona tribe, on equal terms with them. The book is written in a direct and simple style, which is not unattractive. At the end of it, one finds oneself feeling, with the author, that the jungle and the savannas are not as alarming as they might appear to the uninitiated, but a delightful place in which to live for those who have become accustomed to them.

Two hardy perennials are "Jane's Fighting Ships" and "Jane's all the World's Aircraft." The 1956-57 edition of the former is edited by Raymond Blackman and distributed by Sampson Low at 4 gns., while the latter is edited by Leonard Bridgman and is also distributed by Sampson Low at the same price. "Jane's Fighting Ships" is now in its fifty-ninth year of issue. At a time when it looks as if the Royal Navy is going to be cut down, it is alarming to note that the Russian submarine fleet now numbers over 400 units, of which a large percentage are newly built, long-range vessels, and that in 1957 and 1958, the Soviets are expected to commission each year between seventy-five and eighty-five new submarines. Moreover, the Russians have built more cruisers and destroyers since the end of World War II than all the rest of the world put together. While the picture in the air is equally alarming as revealed by "Jane's all the World's Aircraft," nevertheless it is comforting to note that with the Fairey Delta 2 Monoplane, we hold the world's speed record of 1132 m.p.h., and that our bombing aircraft are second to none. Both these excellent publications are mines of fascinating information.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.

ART AUCTIONS IN LONDON: SOME OUTSTANDING PAINTINGS AND OBJECTS OF VERTU.



TO BE SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S ON FEBRUARY 26: TWO IMPORTANT PIECES FROM THE MAURICE LINDON COLLECTION OF FRENCH GLASS PAPERWEIGHTS—A ST. LOUIS ENCASED DARK BLUE OVERLAY WEIGHT (TOP) AND THE CELEBRATED ST. LOUIS ENCASED YELLOW OVERLAY WEIGHT.



"PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON," BY THE AMERICAN-BORN ARTIST GILBERT STUART (1754-1828): IN THE SALE OF "ANCIENT AND MODERN PICTURES AND DRAWINGS" AT CHRISTIE'S ON FEBRUARY 22. (Oil on canvas; 27½ by 23 ins.)



A PORTRAIT BY FABERGE OF THE FAVOURITE PARROT OF HER LATE MAJESTY THE EMPRESS MARIE FEODOROVNA OF RUSSIA: ONE OF SEVERAL WORKS BY CARL FABERGE IN A SALE HELD AT SOTHEBY'S ON FEBRUARY 14.



"AU BORD DE LA MER, TROUVILLE," BY GUSTAVE COURBET (1819-77). ALL THE PAINTINGS REPRODUCED HERE ARE IN THE SALE AT CHRISTIE'S ON FEBRUARY 22. (Oil on canvas; 16½ by 25 ins.)



"LE LOUVRE, EFFET DU MATIN," AN IMPRESSIVE LATE WORK BY CAMILLE PISSARRO (1830-1903). SIGNED AND DATED, 1902. (Oil on canvas; 21 by 25 ins.)



"A TOWN ON A RIVER," BY MAURICE DE VLAMINCK, WHOSE WORKS HAVE BEEN FETCHING HIGH PRICES AT AUCTION IN LONDON. (Oil on canvas; 25 by 31½ ins.)



"LE BIEVRE AUX Gobelins, PARIS," A PAINTING OF 1922 BY MAURICE UTRILLO, WHO DIED IN NOVEMBER 1925. (Oil on canvas; 17 by 23½ ins.)

There are some 170 paintings and drawings of a great variety of periods and schools in the sale to be held at Messrs. Christie's, 8, King Street, St. James's, on February 22, from which five paintings are reproduced here. Among other artists represented are J. M. Whistler, with a very large portrait, Eugène Boudin, with three beach and harbour scenes, and Sir H. Raeburn, with two portraits, including that of the actor Charles Lee Lewis. A number of works by Carl Fabergé, which were the property of her late Majesty the

Empress Marie Feodorovna of Russia, were included in the sale held at Messrs. Sotheby's, 34, and 35, New Bond Street, on February 14. Outstanding among these was the parrot in a cage shown here. This portrait of the Empress's favourite parrot was modelled from life. On February 26 Messrs. Sotheby's are to hold a sale of the first portion of the well-known collection of French glass paperweights belonging to Maurice Lindon, Esq. Two paperweights from this interesting sale are illustrated here.



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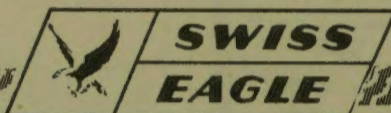
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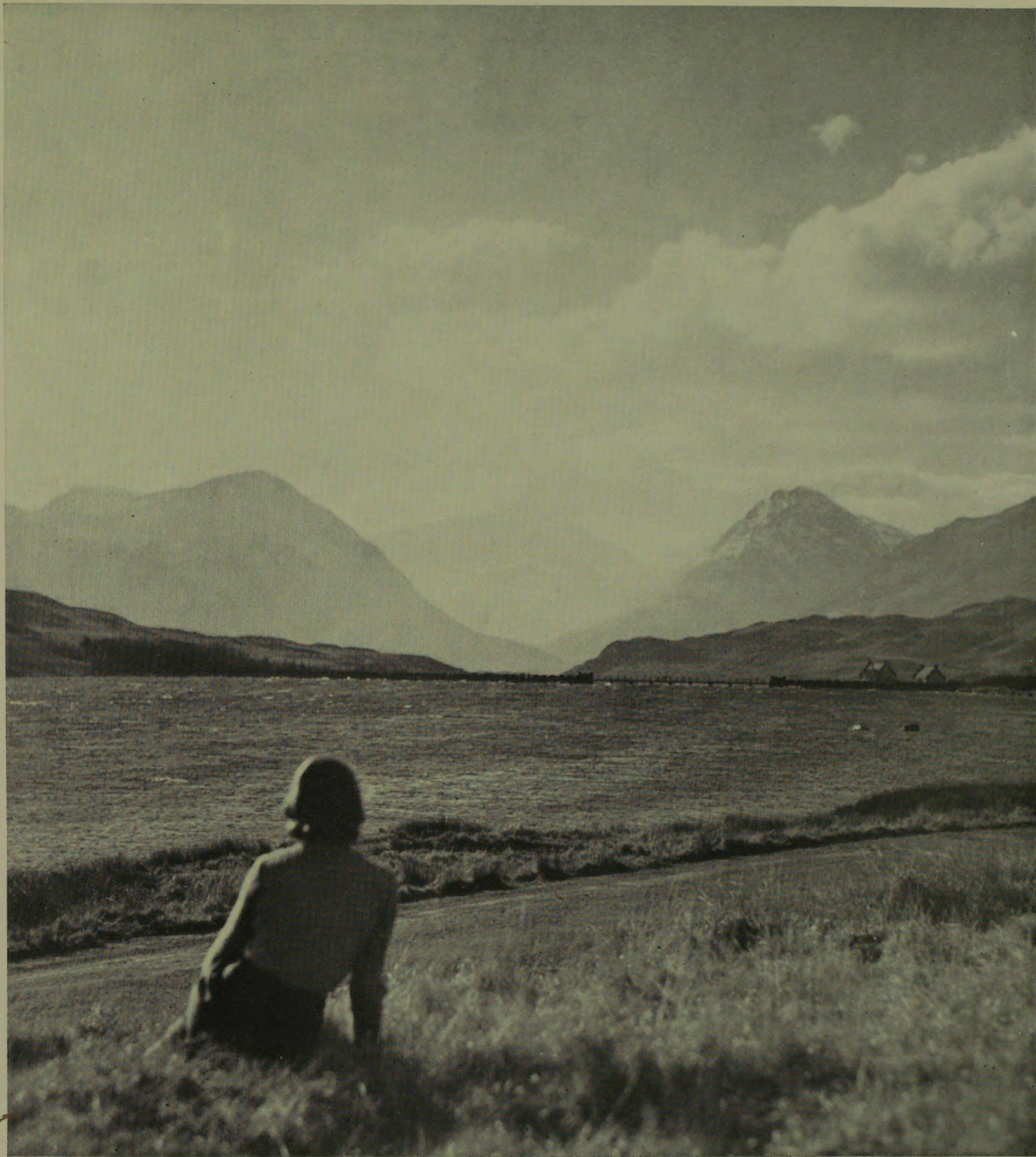
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